

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

OCTOBER

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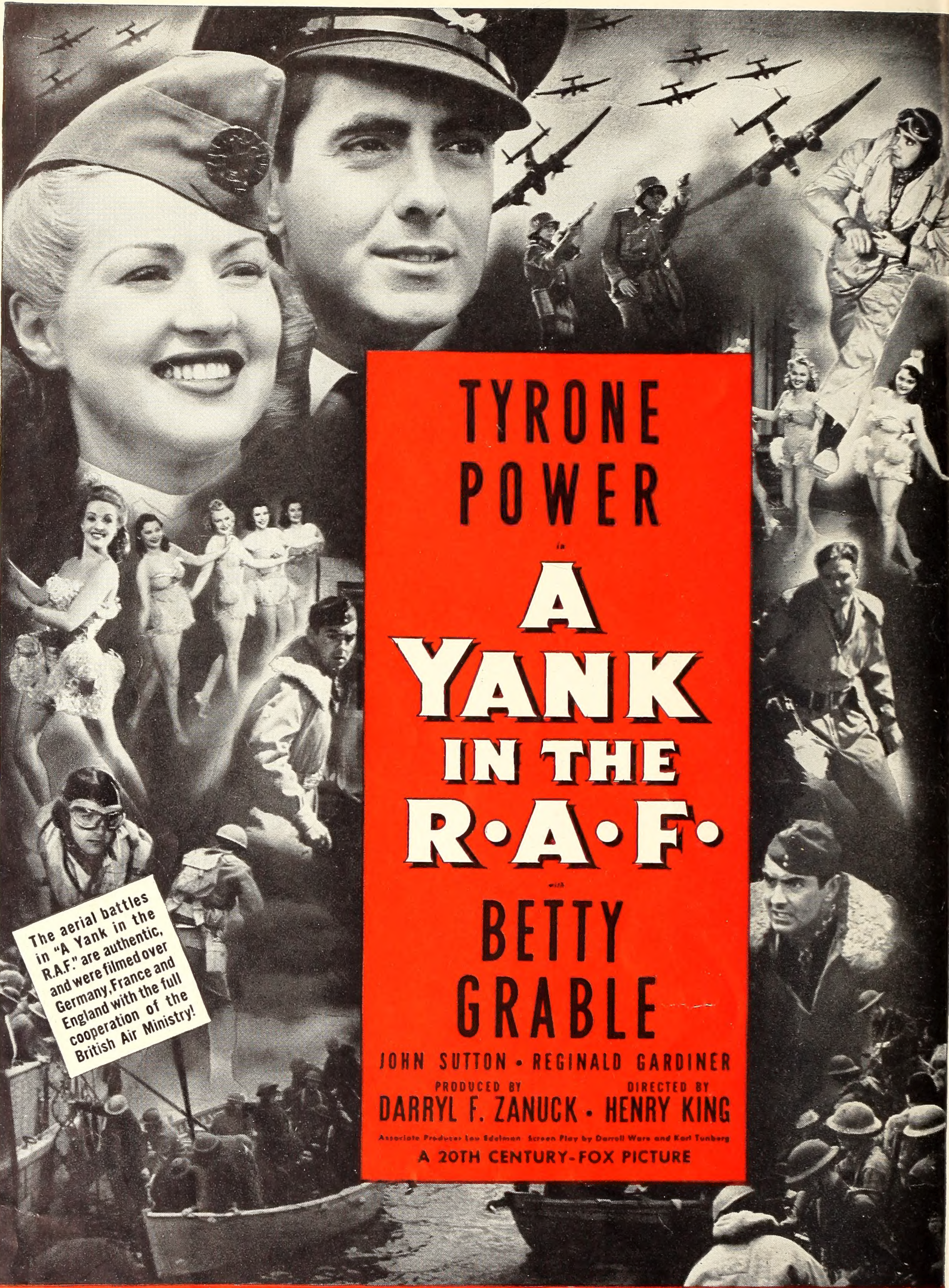
HOW TO BE A "DRAFT SWEETHEART"

Deanna Durbin

EXCLUSIVE!
DEANNA
DURBIN'S
NEW FILM
'ALMOST
AN ANGEL'
Fictionized

WHAT CAROLE LANDIS DEMANDS OF MEN!

Frankest Interview Ever Granted by a Hollywood Star



The aerial battles in "A Yank in the R.A.F." are authentic, and were filmed over Germany, France and England with the full cooperation of the British Air Ministry!

**TYRONE
POWER**
in
**A
YANK
IN THE
R·A·F·**
with
**BETTY
GRABLE**

JOHN SUTTON • REGINALD GARDINER
PRODUCED BY DIRECTED BY
DARRYL F. ZANUCK • HENRY KING
Associate Producer Lou Edelman Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Watch for "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"



Even if you weren't Born to Beauty—

YOU'LL WIN HEARTS.. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is a priceless asset. Help to keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

EVERY attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, 'phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. *And remember, healthy gums*

are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. *See your dentist!* His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with mas-

sage, it is specially designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Try Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

SEP - 8 1941

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

O sweet and lovely
Lady be good.
O Lady be good
To me.



We are in voice today. It's not that
hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the
pretty compliments we've been receiv-
ing from the public about "Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde."

The fact is that we've been vocally
hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song
efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please
pardon our Sothern accent.

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did
you know she could sing like that?
Neither did we. In case you don't get
around to the picture, here's the way
she does it.

I'm just a lonesome
Babe in the wood,
So Lady be good
To me.



What a film! What a fine film! What a
mighty fine film! It has a plot that's
hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that
are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

Eleanor Powell has never been better.
Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, torso, arms,
shoulders, head. All dance together in
real rhythm.

Jack McGowan wrote an original.
Then he and Kay Van Riper and John
McClain fashioned a screen play. Then
Norman McLeod directed. Result—
Oo-la-la!

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome
Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira
Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and
Arthur Freed. Then serve.

Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a
stunning co-starring job. Lionel
Barrymore is still the old master.
John Carroll is a discovery. Red
Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien
is a bright flash in the dead pan.

Fan song: O Leo be good
To me.

—The Maestro

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

October, 1941

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Trevor, Bill Holden, Glenn Ford, Clark Gable and Friend, The Most
Beautiful Still of the Month.

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MASTER OF LOVE!...

His Words of Love Set All Women's Hearts on Fire!

"All these years without you, I've dreamed of being in your arms again, my love!"

Paulette

"He made me afraid of myself... afraid to see the deep longing he had put in my heart!"

Olivia

Only Boyer, suave, sophisticated... only fresh, lovely DeHavilland... only sultry, beautiful, Goddard, could bring this hauntingly beautiful love story to you... played in the exciting atmosphere of a Mexican border town!

Charles **BOYER**

Olivia **DE HAVILLAND** ★ *Paulette* **GODDARD** in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with **VICTOR FRANCEN** • **WALTER ABEL** • Directed by **MITCHELL LEISEN**
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • From a Story by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND

COMPLETELY
CORRECT...

Blue Swan
Undikins*

FOR EVERY COSTUME
FOR EVERY OCCASION



Frillikins* illus-
trated here are
made of Rayon
and Lastex*. See
the many other
styles at 39c and
up — At your
favorite depart-
ment store.

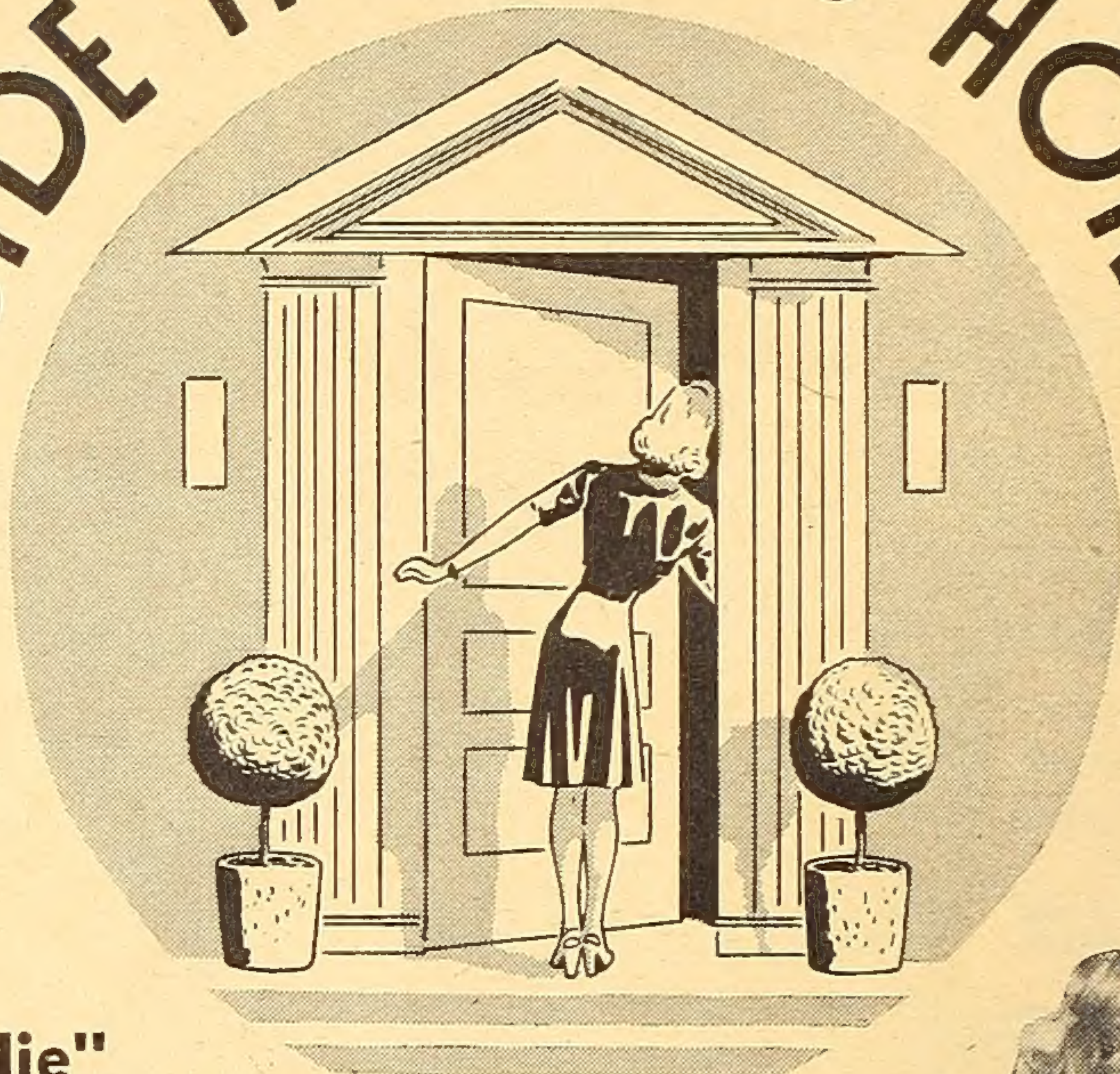
Blue Swan
brings you a wardrobe of
lovely undikins... clever
pantie-sisters... each designed
to flatter your figure, keep
you comfy. You'll want all
seven to be completely correct.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Blue Swan
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

By
Betty
Boone



"Blondie"
(Penny Singleton)
invites you to her Hallowe'en party!



The charming girl you know best as *Blondie* is Mrs. Robert Sparks in private life, mistress of "Pennybob Farm." She gives you grand ideas for a "different" Hallowe'en party.

YOU couldn't find a better setting for a Hallowe'en party than "Pennybob Farm." The "Penny" is for Penny Singleton, the "Bob" for Robert Sparks, star and producer of the "Blondie" pictures and Mr. and Mrs. in private life.

There is an orange grove weighed down with fruit just the right color for Hallowe'en, walnut trees laden with nuts, boysenberry vines making a hazard for witches, and three acres of ground. The Dutch farmhouse is set far back on a winding drive; there's a fully equipped playhouse for the "Boss," as Penny calls her husband, looking out on what will presently be a swimming pool; and beyond a high hedge is the little house where Penny's small daughter lives with her nurse. At the back of the three acres is a chicken run with hen-houses and plenty of fried-chicken-on-the-hoof fluttering and scratching. Nearer the house are pheasants, Penny's special pride, and an aviary filled with love-birds. There are horses and dogs and a cat named Stumpy. It is really an animal haven.

I found Penny in a state of pleasant confusion, knee deep in draperies, working hammering merrily around her. "I'm tearing the house to pieces," she confided gaily. "This room used to be a sunroom but I've had it enlarged to make a Dutch dining room. It will be finished for a party. As soon as it's done, we'll tear out the present dining room and make it a sort of butler's pantry with a cocktail bar. After that, I'll have the kitchen enlarged. It doesn't look as if I'd ever get everything done, because I keep thinking something new. But I love it!"

The dining room has a corner fireplace, real, with a sure 'nough barbecue that works!—gleaming with copper pans and a copper kettle on a hob. Above the Dutch door is a copper frying-pan clock with paring knives for hands. The curtains are brown-and-white checked gingham, the furniture maple, two end chairs upholstered in the same gingham.

"I've set the table for my party," she said. "Wait (Please turn to page 6)

JUST LOOK AT THESE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

Here they are! The Choice of all of Hollywood's offerings for this month and the near future! Better check them off—you'll want to see every one!

"Let's make a date now to see 'em all, Sue."

Gladly darling! I'm almost as anxious to see them as you are to see you!"

GARY COOPER
as
"SERGEANT YORK"
with
WALTER BRENNAN
JOAN LESLIE
GEO. TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES
A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N

ERROL FLYNN
FRED MacMURRAY
"DIVE BOMBER"
IN TECHNICOLOR, with
RALPH BELLAMY • ALEXIS SMITH
Robert Armstrong • Regis Toomey
Allen Jenkins
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

"NAVY BLUES"
ANN SHERIDAN • JACK OAKIE • MARTHA RAYE • JACK HALEY
and the
BEAUTIFUL "NAVY BLUES SEXTET"
Herbert Anderson • Jack Carson • Jackie C. Gleason
Directed by LLOYD BACON

BETTE DAVIS • ANN SHERIDAN • MONTY WOOLLEY
in
"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
From the play by GEO. S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART
with Jimmy Durante • Reginald Gardiner • Richard Travers
Geo. Barbier • Laura Hope Crews • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY

"INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON"
with
RONALD READMAN • OLYMPIA BRADNA
JAMES STEPHENSON • JOAN PERRY
WM. LUNDIGAN • REGINALD DENNY
Directed by LEWIS SEILER

"THE PRIME MINISTER"
with
JOHN GIELGUD
and
DIANA WYNYARD
and
Will Fyffe • Owens Nares • Fay Compton
Directed by Thorold Dickinson
Produced at Teddington Studios

FREDERIC MARCH
MARTHA SCOTT
in
"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"
From the Novel by Hartzell Spence
Directed by Irving Rapper

"THE MALTESE FALCON"
HUMPHREY BOGART
MARY ASTOR
Cladys George
Peter Lorre
Directed by John Huston
Based upon the novel by
DASHIELL HAMMETT

"NEW ORLEANS BLUES"
with
PRISCILLA LANE
BETTY FIELD
RICHARD WHORF
LLOYD NOLAN
JACK CARSON
ELIA KAZAN
Directed by Anatole Litvak

Do you know that every wonderful one of these are
WARNER BROS. PICTURES!

IRRESISTIBLE

Glamour



YOURS WITH
Irresistible
RUBY RED

Jewel-tone lipsticks flash into the limelight. Leading star of this dramatic mode is **IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED**... a deep, rich, sparkling red which blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. Softer, smoother, longer-lasting, thanks to our secret **WHIP-TEXT** process. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

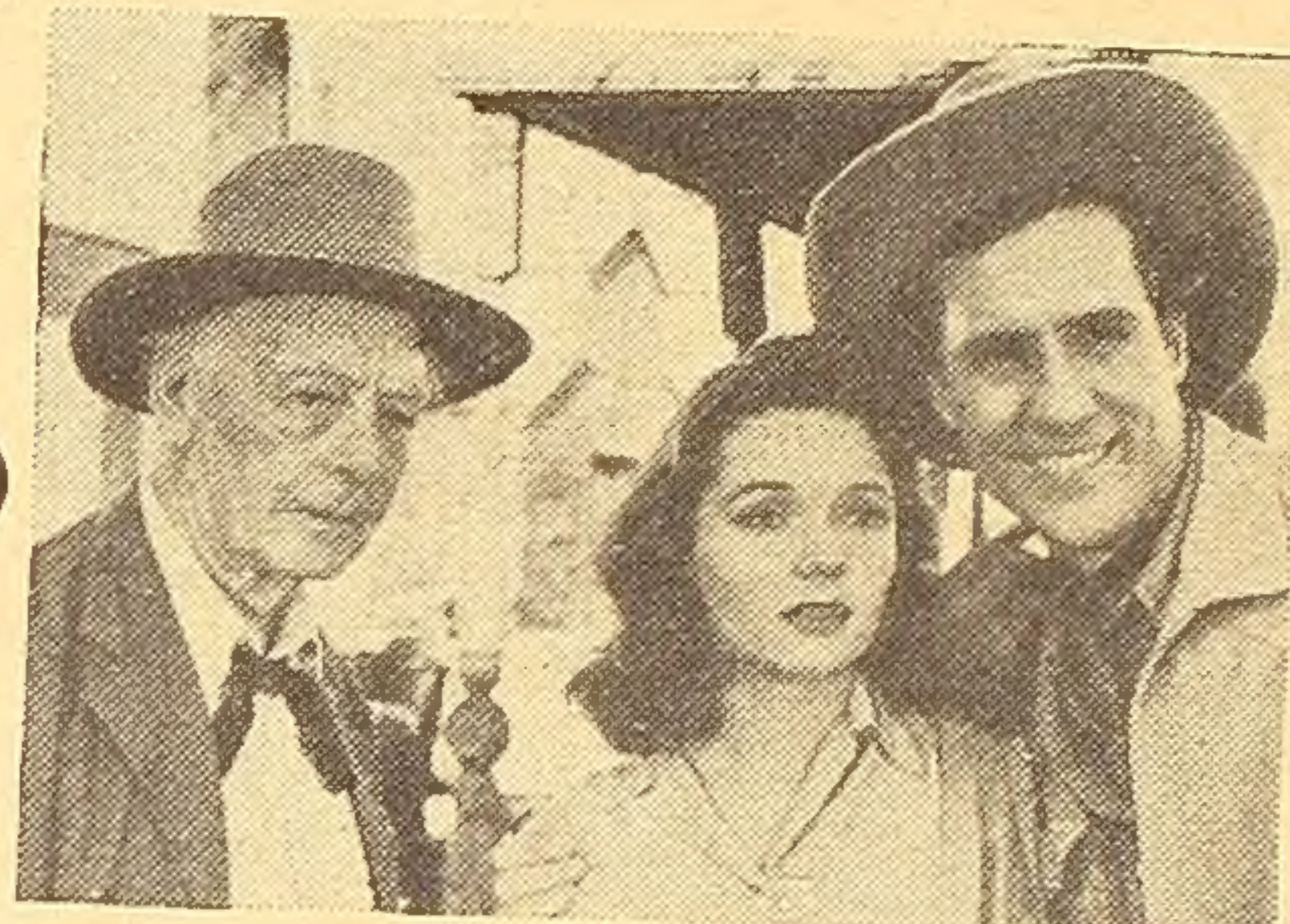
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



They Met in Bombay—M-G-M

It's good to see Clark Gable again and, better still, to see him teamed with Rosalind Russell. Together they hold your interest when the dialogue and improbable story get slightly incredible. Gable and Russell are a pair of rascally jewel thieves, each trying to outwit the other until the love bug attacks them. Becoming a soldier-hero was farthest from *Gerald Melderick's* (Gable) mind but he does, and reforms. Bad man Peter Lorre, as usual, is effective.



Hurricane Smith—Republic

Ray Middleton is bound to please as *Hurricane Smith*. You'll be conscious of his lithe physique, handsome looks and nice voice. And you won't overlook sight of the fact that he's star material. Retacent *Smith*, rodeo champ, proposes to Jane Wyatt. Surprised at his sudden declaration, she calls him *Hurricane*. *Smith* is accused of a murder he didn't commit. Harry Davenport's and J. Edward Bromberg's work in this is faultless. Jane is charming.



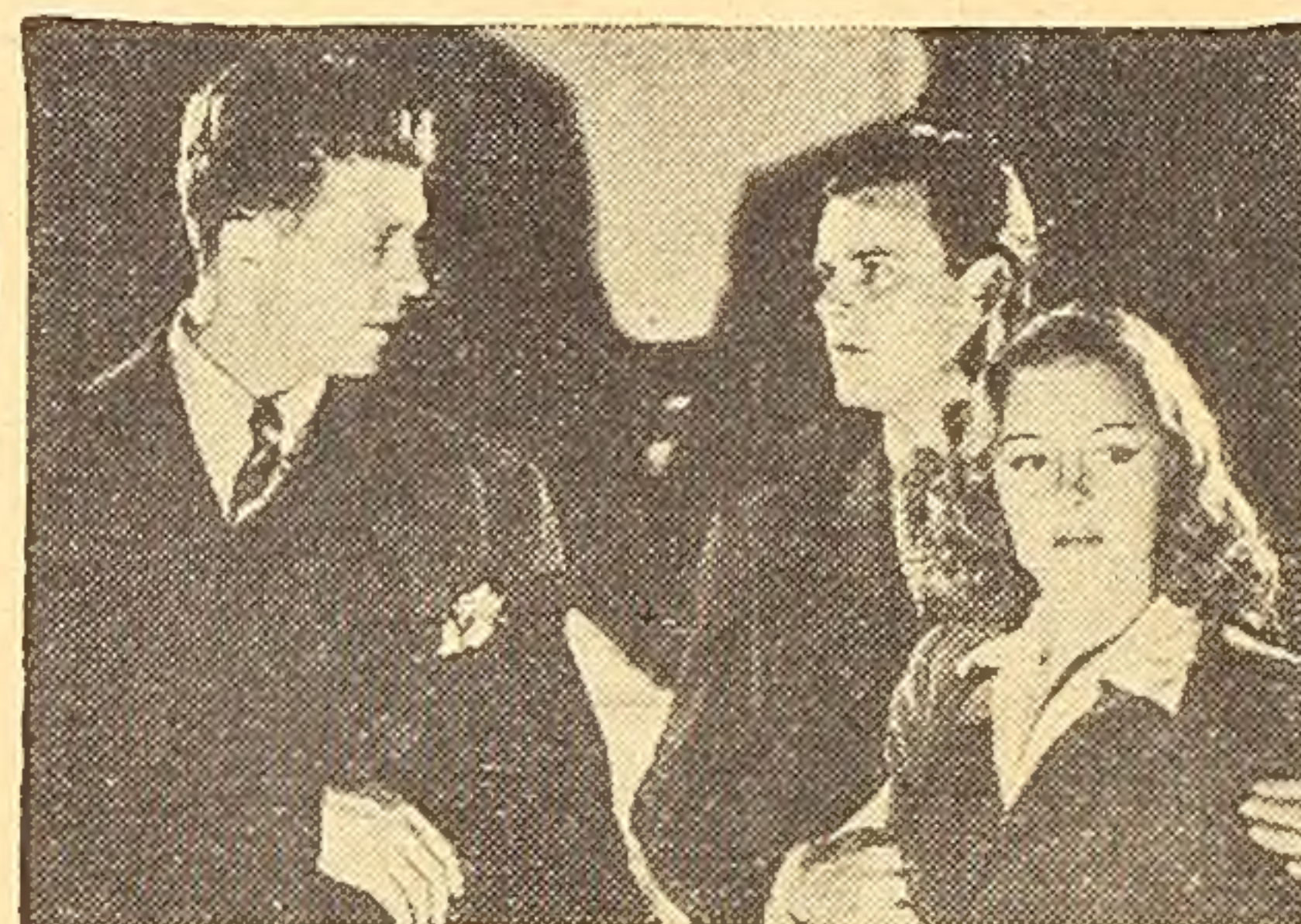
Frank Buck's Jungle Cavalcade—RKO

Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck's film is exciting and thrilling. There is no other way to describe it. To our way of thinking it is a little too exciting. The ladies, we fear, will shut their eyes to blot out the sheerly brutal "dog fights" between beasts in close-up. Buck and his jungle beasts are the main characters. The adventurer does a lively job of describing his trek and relieves the tension—and there is plenty—with humorous dialogue.



Dance Hall—20th Century-Fox

If you're in the mood for heavy histrionics, this is not your dish. But if you're partial to smoothy Cesar Romero and dazzling Carole Landis no matter the inconsequential plot—well, then, a thing called "Dance Hall" won't be too disappointing. A "thing" just about sums it up. Cesar has the femmes eating out of his hand until he meets Carole who refuses to bite. He manages a dance hall; she sings; they spat and, as expected, make up.



The Get-Away—M-G-M

The G-Men are again pictured as they should be—the greatest body of officers the world over. Too much praise for these men can't be given. They flirt with death the moment they swear allegiance. So, you can't go wrong if you decide to see this. G-Man Robert Sterling poses as a gangster in order to learn from tough Dan Dailey, Jr., his gang's hide-out, and the brains behind same. Pretty Donna Reed acquits herself nobly in her very first screen rôle.

More Reviews on Page 66

...and this was to
have been *Lydia's*
Wedding Night!

Yes, Lydia learned all about
love . . . but it took four men
to teach her. Vividly, unfor-
gettably, her story is revealed
in this, the thrilling drama of
a free woman!

Alexander Korda
presents

Lydia

The Love Drama for

which You Will Remember 1941

starring

MERLE OBERON

ALAN MARSHAL • JOSEPH COTTEN

HANS YARAY • GEORGE REEVES

with JOHN HALLIDAY • SARA ALLGOOD

and **EDNA MAY OLIVER**

Directed by Julien Duvivier • Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete • Screenplay and dialogue by
Ben Hecht and Sam Hoffenstein • Released thru United Artists

Screenland Honor Page

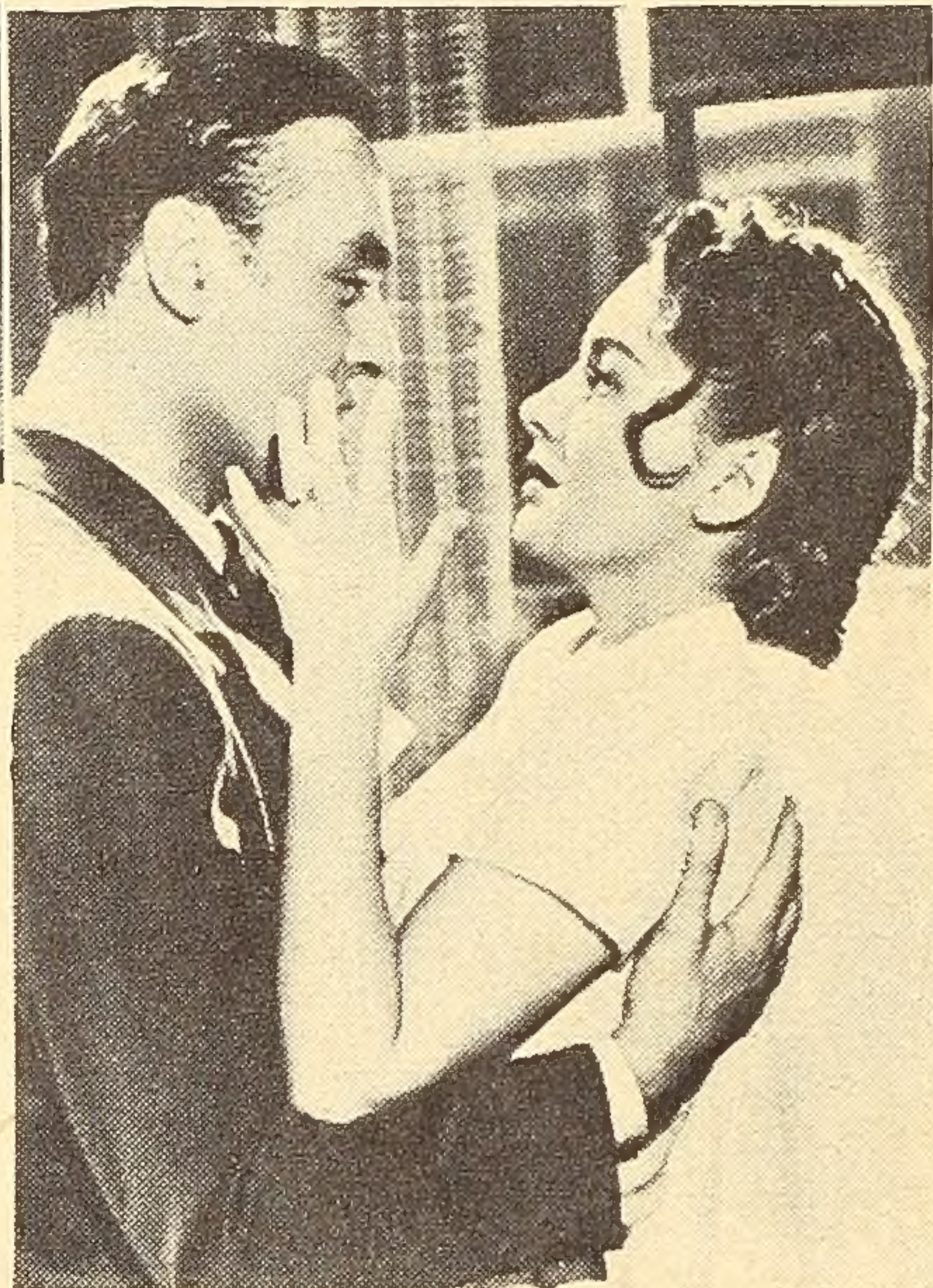


Unusual story of "Hold Back The Dawn" is by Ketti Frings and concerns the plight of foreigners below the Mexican border waiting to gain admittance to the United States. One of them, played by Charles Boyer, is a suave and unscrupulous fellow who sees in Olivia de Havilland a willing victim and marries her as his means of entry. Her disillusionment when she discovers his true character is compellingly told, with Boyer and de Havilland excellent acting mates.

Most fascinating motion picture of the new screen season, "Hold Back The Dawn" provides that "different" entertainment you have been hoping to see. So we salute Paramount for producing it, Mitchell Leisen for his imaginative direction, and Charles Boyer for his fine performance in the daring rôle of a complete cad who charms a girl into marriage and then finds himself really in love with her at the climax



The director, Mitchell Leisen, at right.



As the innocently romantic young school teacher who believes Boyer's love-making is sincere instead of clever pretense to suit his own purpose, Olivia de Havilland has her best rôle since her memorable *Melanie* in "Gone With The Wind," and contributes a most touching and sensitive portrayal



The love scenes between the two stars of "Hold Back The Dawn" are remarkable in their implication: the sophisticated Boyer, masking his real intentions with a simulated ardor, rousing the untried emotions of Olivia, who believes him and falls wholeheartedly in love. Four scenes pictured here convey the skill with which Leisen directed his players, and their fine response.



Above, most touching scene in the entire picture takes place when Boyer, after racing to his wife in the hospital after she has learned what manner of man he is, saves her life by restoring her lost faith—having awakened to the realization that his professed passion is now real. At right, a scene with Paulette Goddard, playing the "other woman" who tries to lure him back to their old life together.



*Why Can't
men understand?*

★ that the past—those memories of romantic moments—cannot be erased by a new love?
It's what every woman knows—and won't tell!



Produced and Directed by
**GREGORY
LA CAVA**

With all the grand comedy of his
"MY MAN GODFREY"...all the
poignant drama of his "STAGE
DOOR"...all the heart-lifting ro-
mance of his "PRIMROSE PATH"...

UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents
Irene *Robert*
DUNNE and MONTGOMERY
in
**Unfinished
Business**

with
PRESTON FOSTER
Eugene Pallette Esther Dale
Walter Catlett June Clyde
Dick Foran Samuel S. Hinds

SCREEN PLAY BY EUGENE THACKREY

DOES "Soaping" ROB YOUR HAIR OF LUSTER?



See the difference with soapless Halo Shampoo—leaves no dulling soap film

WHEN "soaping" robs your hair of its natural luster your personality goes flat. So try Halo Shampoo for hair that's radiant, soft and easy to curl.

With Halo, there's no dulling soap-film to hide natural highlights and color. You don't even need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Try Halo for your hair today ... expect compliments tonight.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10c or larger sizes at any toilet goods counter. It's safe for any type or color of hair. Approved by Good House-keeping Bureau.



HALO SHAMPOO
A product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company

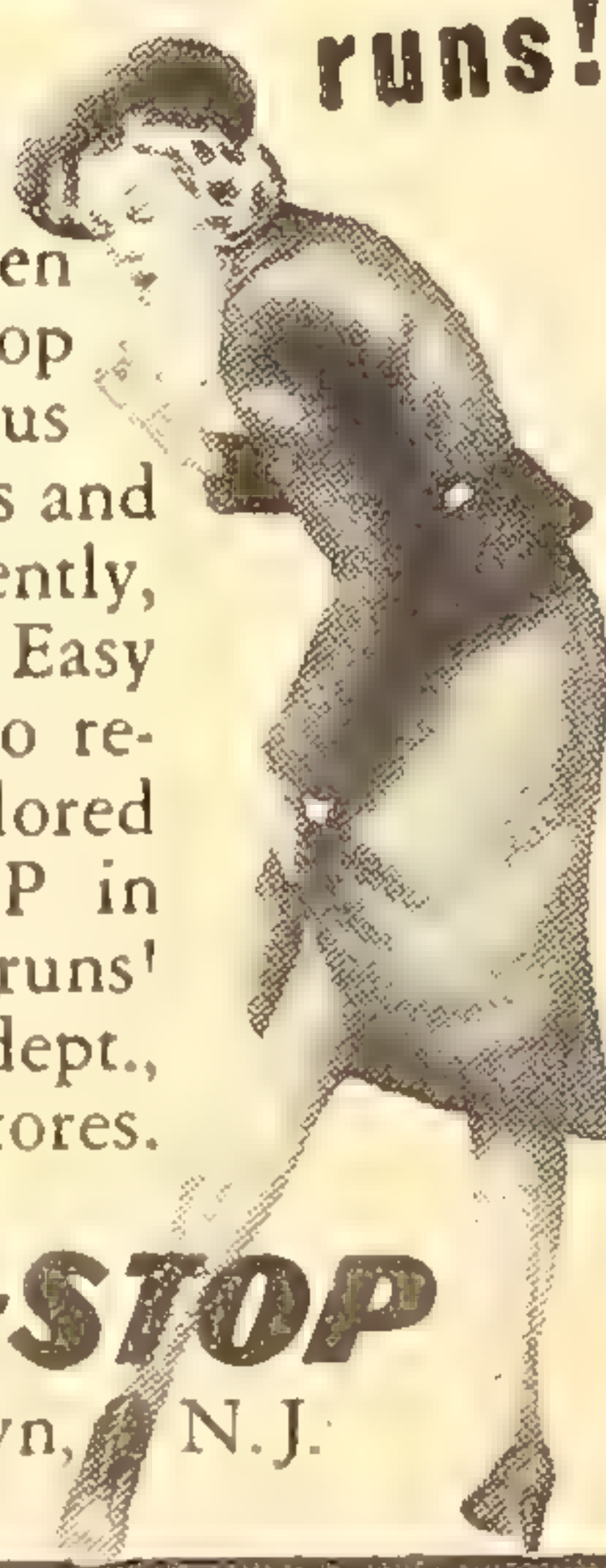
NATIONAL DEFENSE against hosiery runs!

Be prepared! Don't let a sudden run spoil your day! Just a drop of RUN-R-STOP—the famous colorless liquid, STOPS runs and snags instantly and permanently, in all silk and Nylon hose! Easy to carry; easy to use, easy to remove. Comes in a gay colored vanity. Carry RUN-R-STOP in your handbag, and end runs! Get it today! 10¢ at all dept., drug, shoe, hosiery & 10¢ stores.



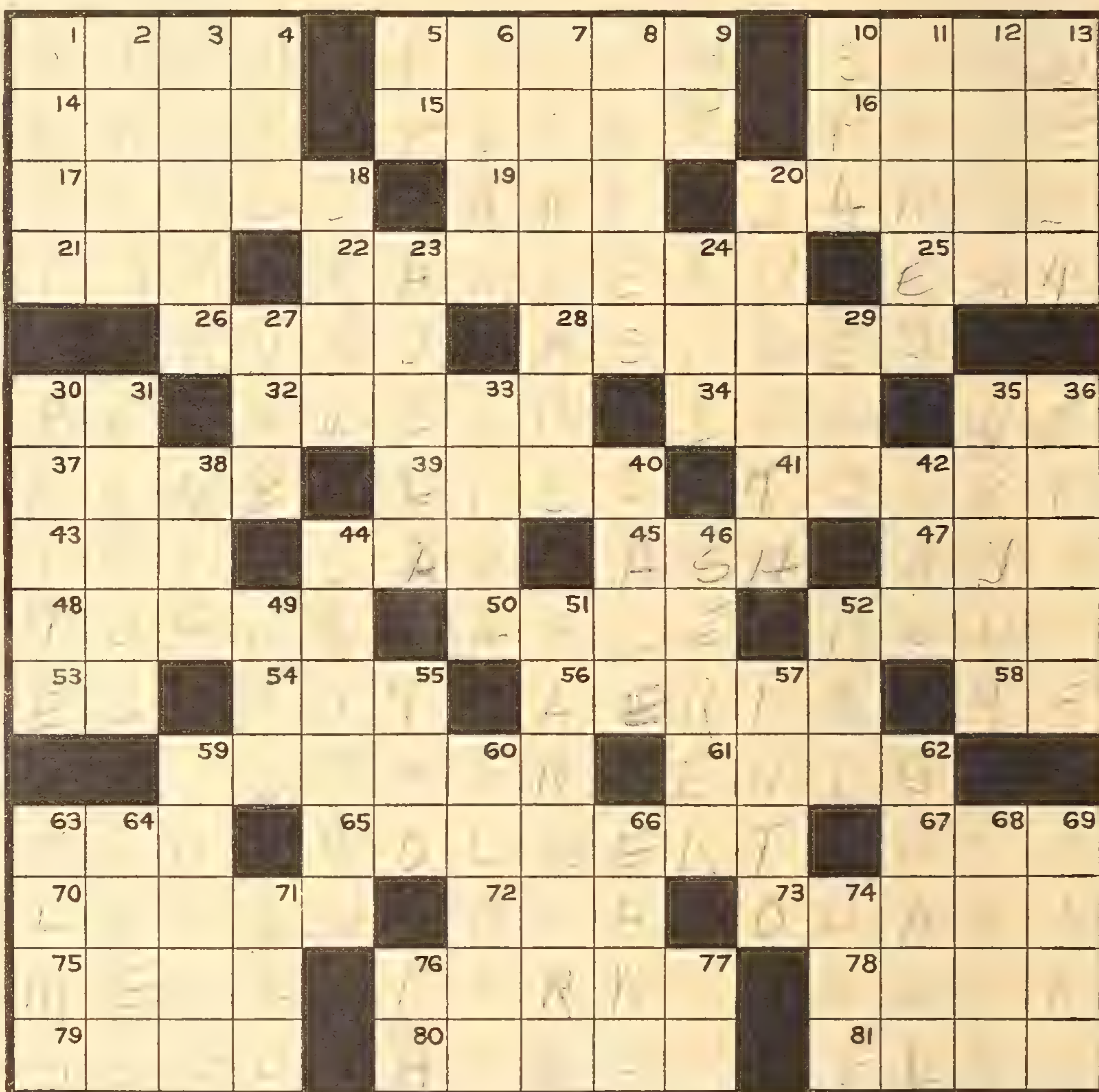
RUN-R-STOP
Dept. 27, Morristown, N. J.
(15¢ in Canada)

10c Complete, tube in vanity



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Co-star, "One Night in Lisbon"
5. He plays Ellery Queen
10. Orchestra leader who married Lana Turner
14. To relieve
15. To love intensely
16. Opening in the skin
17. Performed, as in the movies
19. Friend, in French
20. Co-star, "Navy Blue and Gold"
21. Kind of grain
22. She's featured in "Three Sons O' Guns"
25. To take food
26. Regretted
28. Stage whispers
30. "Lady - - Good," Eleanor Powell's latest
32. To declare on oath
34. To delve
35. "The Ramparts - - Watch"
37. Sea eagle
39. Covers
41. Charlie Chan
43. Prefix meaning three
44. Woeful
45. Kind of tree
47. Co-star, "Lady From Louisiana"
48. Subject matter
50. Competent
52. Unopened flowers
53. Famous Swede comic
54. Small child
56. Eagle's nest
58. Biblical pronoun
59. The colonel in "Forced Landing"
61. "So - - - Our Night"
63. To make a mistake
65. Her new one is "Skylark"
67. In what way?
70. She played "That Hamilton Woman"

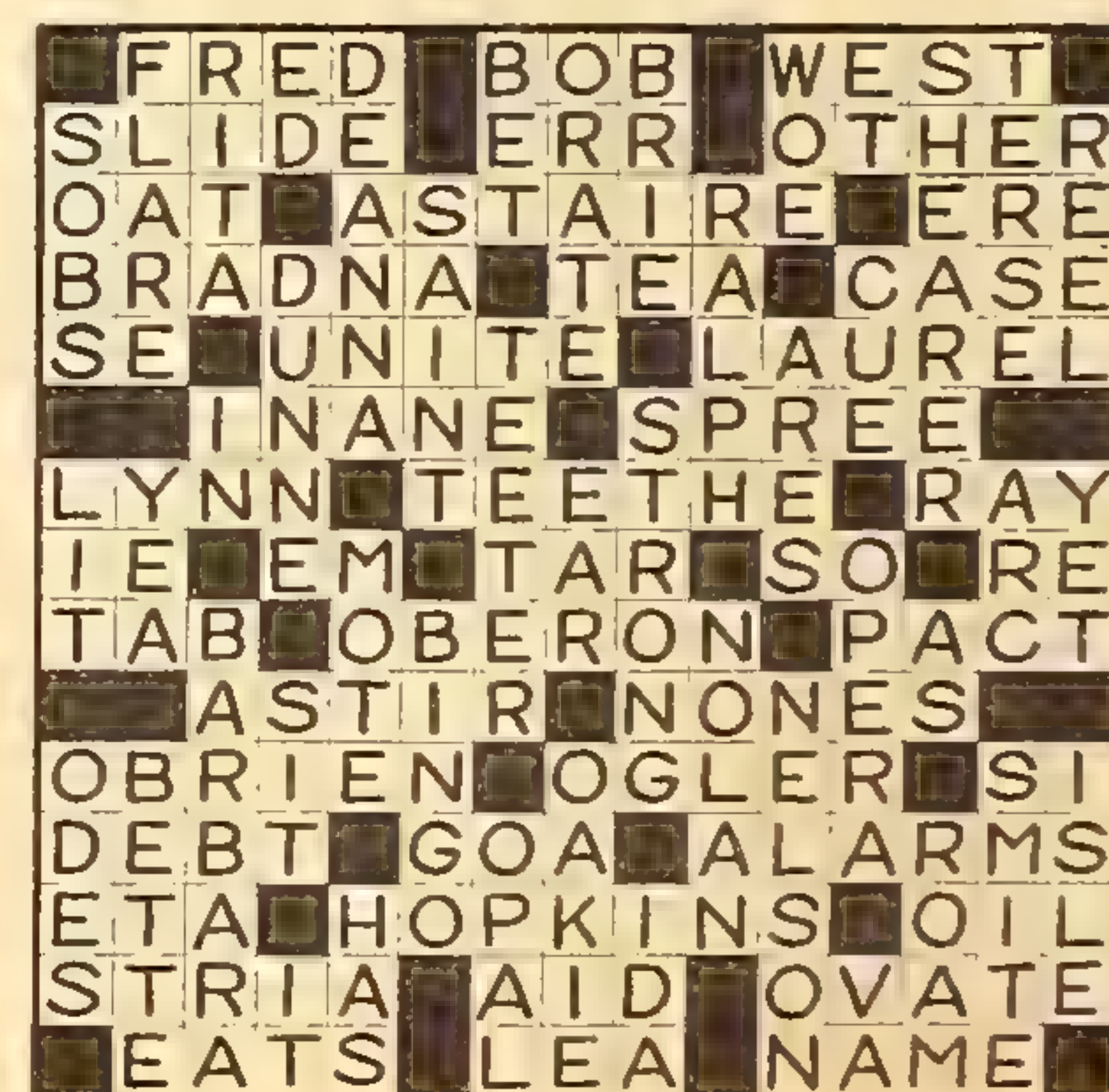
72. What a sheep would say in a talkie
73. Co-star, "They Met in Argentina"
75. Table-land, plateau
76. Captain Chang, in "They Met in Bombay"
78. The General in "They Met in Bombay"
79. Winter vehicle
80. Wet by the waves (as a ship's deck)
81. Otherwise

DOWN

1. Alarm
2. Spicy
3. Compound ether
4. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
5. Egyptian sun god
6. " - - - Had Four Sons"
7. She's Mrs. Clark Gable
8. Snoops
9. " - - Stayed For Breakfast"
10. Health resort
11. Residences
12. Scope, range
13. " - - - Point Widow," with Anne Shirley
18. Co-star, "Reaching For the Sun"
20. She played the villainess in "Rebecca"
23. Girl's name
24. Help
27. To employ
29. One's inner self
30. Star, "The Bride Came C. O. D."
31. His new one is "Dive Bomber"
33. Famous opera
35. She's often teamed with George Sanders
36. To rub out
38. To bite
40. To dispose of for cash

42. Comic co-star, "In the Navy"
44. A kind of intoxicating liquor
46. More withered and dry
49. Possessive pronoun
51. Co-star, "Meet John Doe"
52. Cot
55. Although (simplified spelling)
57. In
59. " - - - - - My Love," with Claudette Colbert
60. Joint in the arm
62. Knitted shoulder wrap
63. Shade trees
64. Section of a movie
66. What you hear a talkie with
68. Native metals
69. To decrease (as the moon)
71. To run about idly
74. Garden implement
76. Note of the scale
77. Exclamation

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



KAY, SUGAR!

NO WONDER THE BOYS GOT "JUMP FEVER"

When They Tackled Uncle Sam's
Most Dangerous Game!



LOOK OUT BELOW! . . . WHEN AMERICA'S NEW AIR FIGHT-
ERS INVADE THE SCREEN WITH SENSATIONAL NEW SKY-
HIGH THRILLS, SHOT ON THE SPOT WITH THE BOYS WHO
LIVE TOO DANGEROUSLY TO MISS A LAUGH OR A DATE!

PARACHUTE BATTALION

Starring **ROBERT NANCY EDMOND HARRY**
PRESTON · KELLY · O'BRIEN · CAREY

with **BUDDY EBSEN · PAUL KELLY · RICHARD CROMBIE**

And Uncle Sam's

Produced by Howard Benedict

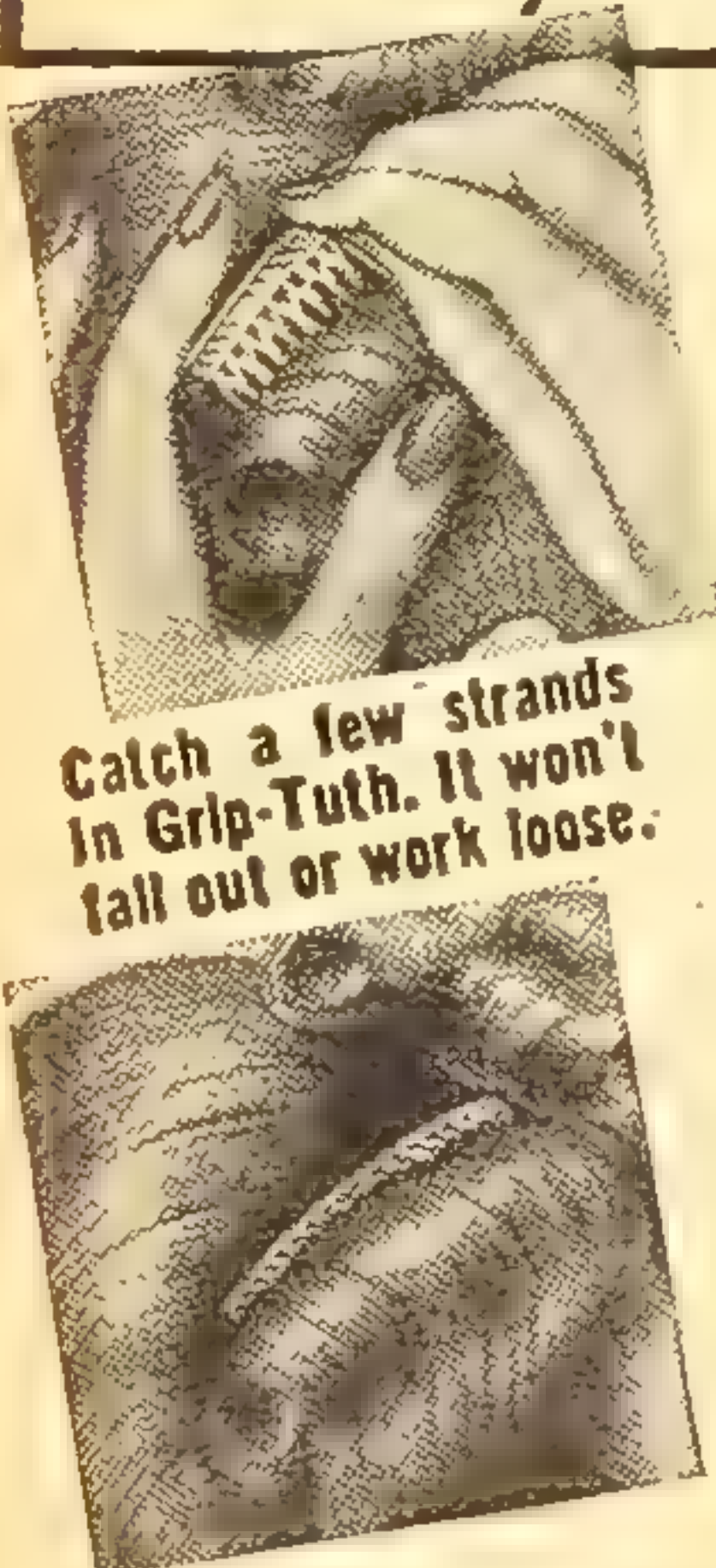
Original Screen Play by John T. ...



Exclusive!
NOT a comb. Each SPLIT
tooth (like tiny spring)
grips gently, holds
firmly, keeps hair se-
cure — GRIP-TUTH's
patented principle!

ANN MILLER, starred in
"Time Out for Rhythm"
A Columbia Picture . . .

uses **GRIP-TUTH**
to *keep* her coiffure lovely!



Catch a few strands
in Grip-Tuth. It won't
fall out or work loose.

It's true! Grip-Tuth
holds *any* style hair-do
lovely longer! Slipped
into place in a jiffy,
each split tooth grips
your waves, puffs, curls
— holds them gently
but firmly, so they keep
looking perfect for
days longer. And it's
ideal for ribbons, bows,
flowers, hair ornaments!

NOTE: If notion counter
or beauty shop can't sup-
ply you, send 25c for card
(two retainers). State hair
color.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 34

SONG POEM WRITERS
Write today for free booklet out-
lining profit sharing plan.
ALLIED MUSIC, Dept. 10
7608 Reading Cincinnati, O.



**Here's your chance to try MINER'S
LIQUID MAKE-UP at our expense!** Use
this wonder beautifier as complete make-up
or powder base. Gives a velvety smooth
complexion, exquisitely free from shine.

Goes on easily, hides blemishes
and stays on for hours! 4 flattering shades.



FIRST PRIZE LETTER \$10.00 PRIZE

A prominent religious leader recently
declared that the movies were our worst
incentive to crime; that they broke down
character and led our youth into ways of
wickedness.

As a movie fan and as a Christian, I
believe these statements are grossly un-
true. What boy could look upon crime as
a future profession after seeing the sor-
did end of Humphrey Bogart in "High
Sierra?" Who could witness "I Wanted
Wings" without being proud of our grand
country and free way of living? What
busy money-grabber watched "The Long
Voyage Home" without suddenly realizing
that there is more to life than just gain-
ing wealth?

No, I think the movies have taught us
to seek the honorable, the noble things of
life. They have welded together our ideals
and customs until the nation has become
one great neighborhood. And it is a neigh-
borhood where justice, liberty, and reli-
gious freedom have made it the envy of
the world.

So who would be foolish enough to
destroy the movies, the institution which
has contributed more than any other in
building this American way of life?

MRS. M. R. LILES, Seagraves, Texas

SECOND PRIZE LETTER \$5.00 PRIZE

Recently I've been hearing one ominous
rumble after another about the dire finan-
cial predicament of the movie industry.
"Well," I thought to myself, "things must
be pretty bad out in Hollywood." And then
I began reading: "The movie industry is
facing serious financial setbacks with loss
of foreign market"—"American movie-
going public giving poor box-office sup-
port." Foreign markets! Unresponsive
American public! Stuff and nonsense!
There's nothing wrong with the American
movie-going public; the fault lies solely
with the men who make the movies, the
men who've been so used to making super-
duper colossals that have netted them
super-duper profits.

As far as I'm concerned, the movie in-
dustry doesn't need its foreign markets.
They can do perfectly well right here in
this country, to make up for any loss of for-
eign markets. But—and here's where my
trouble comes in—for Mr. and Mrs. Movie-
goer in—they've got to "deliver"
—give us something worth our
money. The American people

like movies and like to go to movies; they
always have, for it's part of that "get some
fun out of life" American spirit to want
to be entertained. But we like good movies,
not something thrown together to fill a
double feature bill; but the double feature
evil has been argued and editorialized, so
I'll not go into that.

What I do want to stress is: we want
good movies and *only* movies; not dishes
and Bingo and Screeno and Bank Night.
Really, people are sick and tired of hav-
ing to be lured to a theater by the promise
of something given away free. They see
Bank Night, or some such lottery, adver-
tised, and they say: "Oh, Bank Night! I
guess that means the picture's no good."
So they don't go. "Anyhow," they figure,
"I never win anything." Besides, people
are getting sick and tired of this sort of
exploitation. After all, every novelty wears
off after a while, every new idea wears
thin.

Mr. Movie Mogul, the American public
needs good entertainment now more than
ever. We want to forget the cares of a
cataclysmic world and be entertained. So
instead of whining about what used to be,
get down to business with what *should* be
and concentrate on giving us good movies.
Give me a good movie and I won't need
any free dishes to get me into a theater.
Believe me, we *want* good entertainment,
so give it to us and you'll see how quickly
you change your mournful tune!

BRYNA SCHWARTZ, McKeesport, Pa.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS \$1.00 EACH

I've read that Garbo, in her next picture,
will play twins, sing, do the rumba and
wear a short hair-do with a bluish rinse.
It seems like an awful lot of new and
unusual things to do in order to make the
public Garbo-conscious again after the long
months since "Ninotchka." These steps of
animation, (remember, Garbo "talks" in
"Anna Christie," Garbo "loves" in "Ca-
mille" and Garbo "laughs" in "Ninotchka")
however, do achieve the publicity value
sought. Despite the fact that her own
studio has a bevy of glamorous ladies
including Greer Garson, Lana Turner,
Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford (back in
public favor with "A Woman's Face"),
Ann Sothorn, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy,
and a grown-up Judy Garland, a picture
starring the Silent One is still big news
to movie fans!

SYLVIA GRILL, Bronx, N. Y.

FRIENDLY FORUM

Countless fans think Betty Grable is not only beautiful but a swell actress to boot. Others can't abide her. Don Ameche's expansive grin has annoyed many a customer while legions are beguiled. Scores and scores think the movies aren't doing right by George Sanders, Ian Hunter and others too numerous to mention. But no matter what you write about the stars, the producers, double features, etc., we are here to print your views. Fans' Forum is a friendly Forum; it is the voice of the people. And we are happy to pay cash to hear you speak. Monthly prizes of \$10.00, \$5.00 and five of \$1.00 each. Closing date, 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

"Billy the Kid"—ah! that's the kind of Western for me. Robert Taylor has done the best in his brilliant career in this great outdoor film of beauty and excitement. Bob makes a swell *Billy*. Here's hoping M-G-M will make more Westerns like "Billy the Kid."

FRANK TAUBE, Fresno, Calif.

The *Hardy* family have long been regarded as the First Family of Hollywood, and the breath of scandal has never touched them. Truly a 100 per cent American household. So, imagine my surprise when I beheld *Mrs. Judge Hardy* (Fay Holden) representing herself as Frank Morgan's wife the other night, and a pretty frivolous gal she turned out to be, if you ask me. And there was good old *Aunt Millie* (Sara Haden) letting on she was Frank's secretary. I kept thinking any minute Mickey Rooney would be bobbing up and addressing Morgan as *Dad*; then I realized he just couldn't do that, for isn't he the *Mayor of Boys' Town*?

IRENE CAVERS, Detroit, Mich.

Let's go "all-out" for Betty Grable, America. We have always admired pluck, courage, and persistence in our athletes, in our political and military leaders, so why not in our movie glamor girls? And certainly there is not an actress on the screen today who has shown more willingness to battle for her place in the sun.

Betty was for several years given the Hollywood run-around. She was given long term contracts and small bit parts. Then, when the moguls decided the public was tired of seeing her on magazine covers and in negligees, they dropped her. So Betty turned to Broadway, scored a hit in a musical comedy, and soon had Hollywood on its calloused knees begging her to sign this contract, take this role.

Now Betty Grable is on her way to the top. She accomplished it all by refusing to be thrown away, to be discarded as so many other young actresses have been by Hollywood. So come on, America, let's have "all-out" aid to Betty Grable.

T. N. PAPPAS, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.

For the life of me I cannot understand the build-up and wonderful praise being handed Betty Grable. Her performance in "Down Argentine Way" could have been topped by any girl enacting a bit part in a high-school play. Ditto for her performance in "Tin Pan Alley."

Would someone please enlighten the public as to how one with so little ability could rate such great lauding?

VAL KERN, Columbus, Neb.

Two office bachelors —but no date for Joan!



Popularity and Jobs are Safer if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

TWO attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of *under-arm odor* doesn't get or deserve the *breaks*.

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead

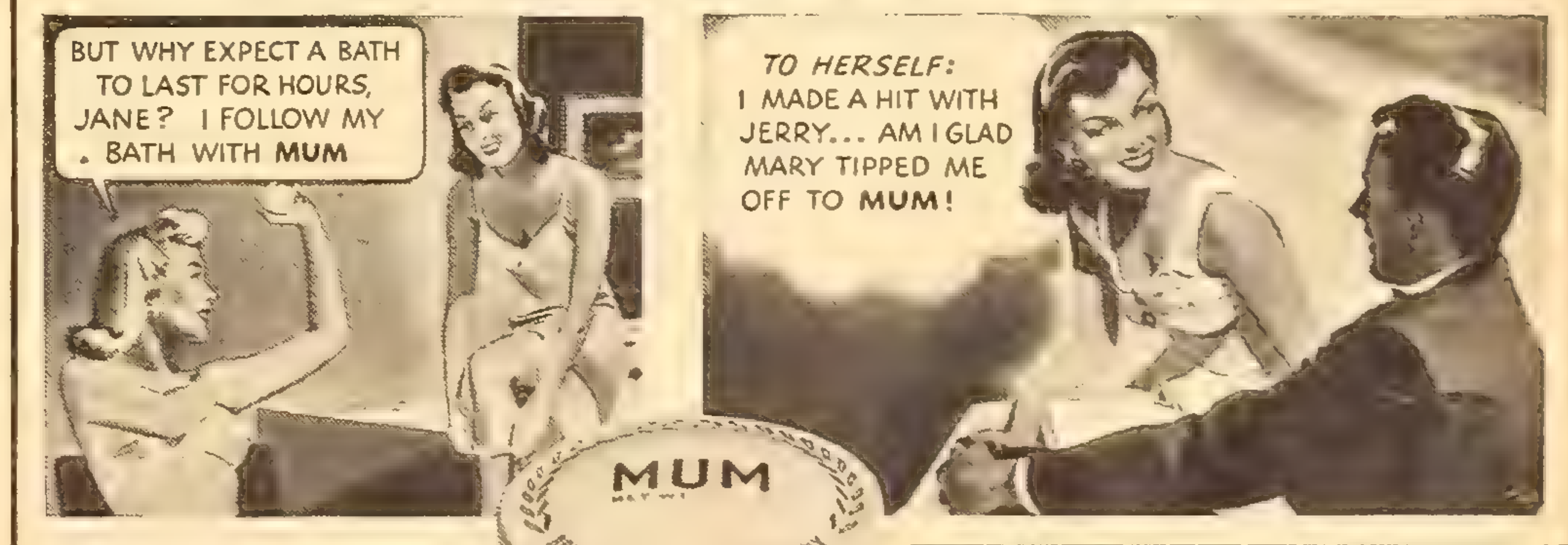
in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing... in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins

Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

It's annoying when folks just drop in . . . *but*

infectious dandruff

is more annoying still!



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.



Get after it with LISTERINE at the first sign of trouble

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress . . . and the scalp irritation and itching . . . that so often accompany the condition.

If you're troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

the delightful treatment

The Editor's Page

AN OPEN LETTER TO DIETRICH

DEAR LEGS:

Turn around!

You're not going to take a beating, but a bouquet.

Yes, I've panned you in the past but I've nothing but praise for you now. You've proved yourself such a good sport in wooing back your public with earthy rôles, making friends with the production crews of your pictures instead of re-

maining aloof in the old von Sternberg manner—and most recently riding in "jeeps" and singing throaty songs and cutting up capers generally to entertain our boys in the army camps—that I think we should all salute you for your good sportsmanship.

You may not be a great actress like Ingrid Bergman, but you're a great personality and no mistake. Only Baby Betty Grable can match you when it comes to gorgeous gams. And that's not all. Now you're letting it be known that your 16-year-old daughter is about to blossom forth as an actress, too, with your encouragement. So it was the real Dietrich all the time, the honest and amiable soul who, when she first arrived in this country, told everyone so proudly about "my little girl" despite press agents' frantic hush-hush. I only hope the "little girl" fills your shoes half as well as you have.

Delight Evans



WHAT CAROLE LANDIS

"I demand of a man that he support me! He must, or I couldn't respect him. And I must respect the man I love and marry!" Read this frankest interview



"MY FIRST demand," said Carole, with a bright, blonde laugh, "is that men *do not make me suffer!*"

That got a booming, belly laugh out of me, if you must know. Looking at the Landis, this Glamor Girl who doesn't want to be a Glamor Girl but can't help it on account of how she is made of the stuff, and males being what they are—"make her suffer?"—"not likely," I scorned.

But Carole was serious. "I mean it," she said. "I mean that I will NOT be one of the women who seem to go for men who antagonize them, make them uncomfortable, make them suffer. There *are* such girls, you know. Girls who are happy being unhappy; girls who enjoy being unhappy in love. Girls who go about offering up their hearts to the best breaker.

"Not for me," said Carole, "not for me any man who attempts that form of sadism. A man makes me happy in love, or—I *don't love him!* I'm the happy type, by nature and by inclination. I expect men to amuse me,

interest me, flatter me, spoil me. I say that if there is any heart-breaking to be done, it is a woman's privilege.

"I have been married twice. Twice I have thought I was in love. I'd like to fall in love again. I'd like to be married. But my attitude now is this: if I meet the man *with the qualities*, he is welcome, love is welcome. But I am NOT seeking. I'm keeping my eyes and ears open, that's all. Because if you were 'in love' a couple of times when, obviously, you weren't, if you follow me—you just relax and wait. You also do a spot of figuring. I've done several spots. I've made a sort of a *man-map*. I know now," said this Glamor Girl, this *honest* Glamor Girl, (Mr. Ripley, please note)—"what I want in a man, what I expect of a man, what I *demand* of a man!"

We were talking, Carole and I, in the living room of Carole's one-story white house, picket-fenced and tree-shaded (she lives with her mother, boys!) down Brentwood way. Taking a quickie tour of the premises before settling down to our dish of tea. (*Please turn to page 70*)

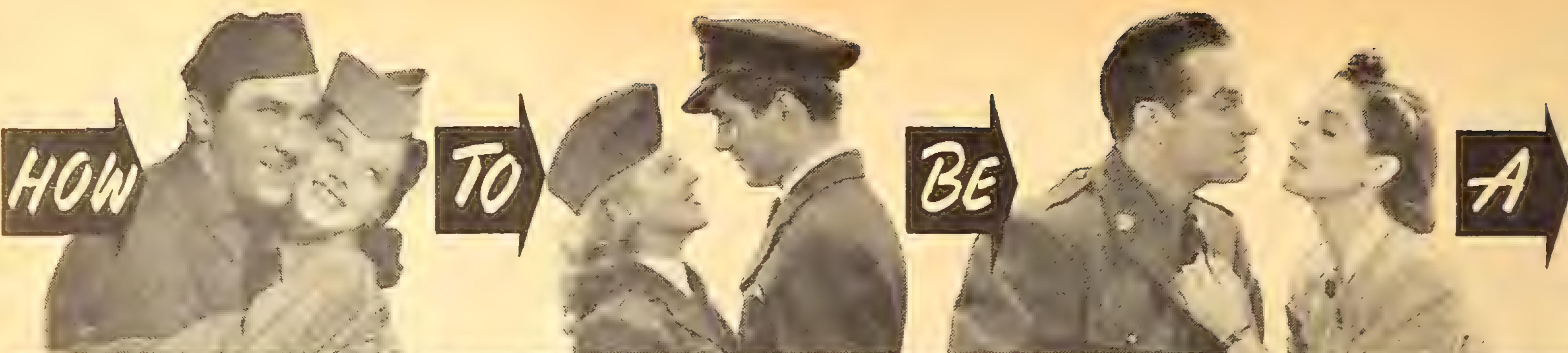
DEMANDS OF MEN!

By Gladys Hall



Cesar Romero is the symbol of masculine appeal for Carole Landis. Facing page, Carole reclining with a picture of Franchot Tone, favorite escort, on table beside her. Below, perfume is a traditional beau-catcher. A tip: Keep Carole's "man-map" in mind.





**OLIVIA
SAYS:
"WRITE!"**

Posed by
Helen
Seaman,
dancer in
Colum-
bia's
"You'll
Never
Get Rich"
with
Fred
Astaire
and Rita
Hay-
worth.



**PEGGY
SAYS:
"BE GAY!"**

By Helen Hover

**The National Emergency
has created a Romantic
Emergency for thousands
of girls, but if you know
how to handle it you can
make it a one-girl beau-
blitzkrieg! Four Glamor
Girls "caught in the
draft" give neat advice**

THE boys aren't the only ones who have been caught in the draft. The girls have to be good soldiers, too! For almost every boy who has been stuck away in a camp, there is a girl left high and dry wondering how she can hold him through a full year of Army beans and all-day hikes and drills. Not only will she be left with some lonely Wednesday and Saturday nights, but she has the added problem of wondering how she can keep him falling for her like mad—as he seemed to be just before he was called—by remote control.

It's one thing to surprise him with a new doodad in the hair, to listen wide-eyed to him talk about himself, to keep him wrapped around your finger by getting him a little jealous and by using all those tried and tested hypos to romance. But without the aid of proximity, it's quite another story to keep your soldier boy so interested in you he'll be at your front door the minute his service is up. That, my friends, is what is known as *savoir faire*. The National Emergency has created a romantic emergency for thousands and thousands of girls, but if you know how to handle it you can make it a successful one-girl beau-blitzkrieg.

We're coming to it in a minute, so sit tight—but there is something else to consider too. As though to compensate for the romantic



DRAFT

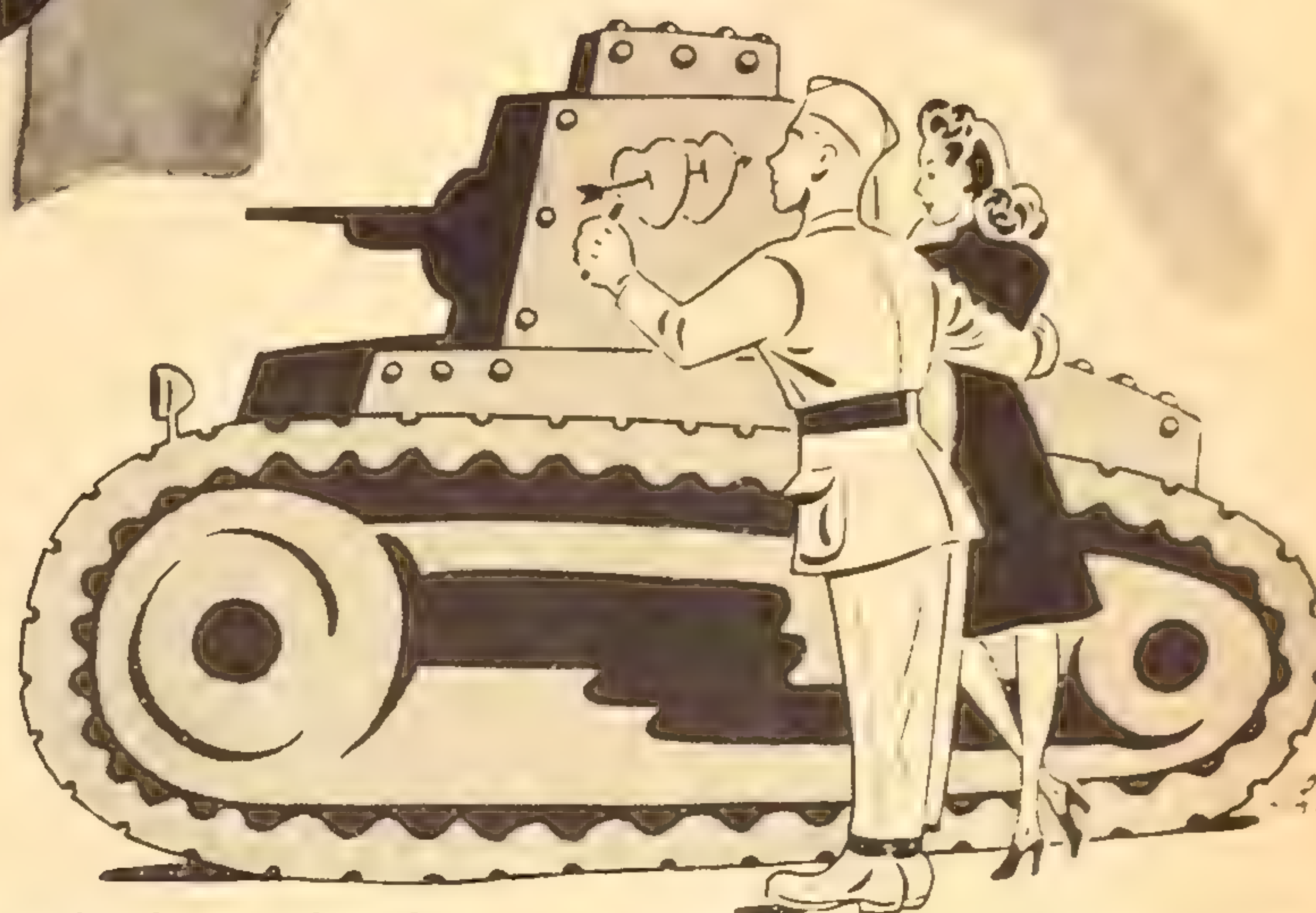


SWEETHEART!

//



**ANN
SAYS:
"ENTER-
TAIN!"**



Decorations by Leonard Frank

Private Everett Scott, typical of the thousands of soldier boys in your Uncle Sam's Army camps, was a lucky lad on leave when he visited the Universal Studio and met Marlene Dietrich, among other famous stars. But every soldier boy deserves the best!



hardships, girls who are caught in the draft have the side honor of being able to perform a patriotic job. The public relations officers of the camps claim that you girls are of invaluable aid in bolstering the morale of the boys who have given up family, friends and community life for the rigid life of the army. "If a girl knows how to make her draftee boy friend cheerful, if she knows how to dispel his loneliness, how to keep him from being homesick and discontented, if she knows how to make him feel proud he has a chance to serve his country and lets him know he *is* being appreciated, she is doing her bit for Uncle Sam!" You girls who wanted to do your share—there it is!

We talked to four actresses who are "caught in the draft," and we learned that just as these Hollywood girls are the first to be up on the latest lipstick and swimming suit, they are the first to be up (*Please turn to page 79*)

**CAROL
SAYS:
"PAMPER
HIM!"**





SOLVING

By
Elizabeth Wilson



The rôle of the evil, scheming *Regina* in "The Little Foxes" is a part every good Hollywood actress yearned to play. Bette Davis won it—and how she is playing it! Above, with leading man Herbert Marshall. At right, a visit from Gary Cooper, "loaned" by Goldwyn to Warners for "Sergeant York" in return for borrowing star Bette for "The Little Foxes."



JUST love to clear up mysteries. Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, Leslie Ford, Rex Stout and Dashiell Hammett would hate me if they knew me, because I'm the smarty pants who can pick the murderer in the best "Whodunits" without finishing the third chapter. I'm that good, and thoroughly obnoxious about it. And just let me scent a good Hollywood mystery and I'm off in a leap, and a bound like the hound of the Baskervilles.

When Bette Davis abruptly parted company with Samuel Goldwyn's "The Little Foxes" right in the middle of production recently—and hid out for three weeks—there was much mystery and excitement about the whole thing. Three weeks haven't caused such a commotion since Elinor Glynn popularized them many years ago. There were more rumors than you could shake a typewriter at. In the Hollywood bistros it was discussed freely, also around the swimming pools in Beverly Hills, and the dinner tables in Brentwood—and of course all the correspondents and columnists had a field day out

of it. There were enough "scoops" to go around for everybody.

Some of them said, "Bette left the picture because she is going to have a baby." Some of them said, "Bette's all broken up because Arthur Farnsworth, her practically brand new husband, is divorcing her." Others said, "She had a big fight with Sam Goldwyn, the producer, and walked out of the picture in a huff." Others said, "It was eyelashes, really. Willie Wyler, the director, said she looked too glamorous in false eyelashes for a forty-year-old woman, and Bette said she wouldn't work with him another day." Still others said, "Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins are at the studio making tests for the part of *Regina* right this minute." And still, still others who don't like Bette—or any star for that matter who happens to be on top—said, "She didn't walk out, my dear, she was *put* out. Just couldn't stack up with the New York actors in the cast." And Bette a two-time Award winner! *Sic Transit Gloria.* (Please turn to page 74)

the Bette Davis—"Little Foxes" WALK-OUT MYSTERY!

Gossip said: "Bette left the picture because she's going to have a baby. Or because her husband is divorcing her. Or because she had a big fight with the producer. Or because of those false eyelashes." Etc., and etc.

Now read the real reason, told us by the star herself when she returned to the studio to resume acting the wonderful rôle of *Regina* in Samuel Goldwyn's picturization of Lillian Hellman's sensationally clever play

When they poured Bette Davis into an old-fashioned bone corset, a corset cover, and a bustle, and all the other horrible things that chic women of the 1900's wore, Bette nearly fainted dead away. "I've got to have some air before *Regina* throws me," she said. But she's acting the part like the trouser she is. Below, a closeup, and with Teresa Wright who plays her 'teen-aged daughter in the film.

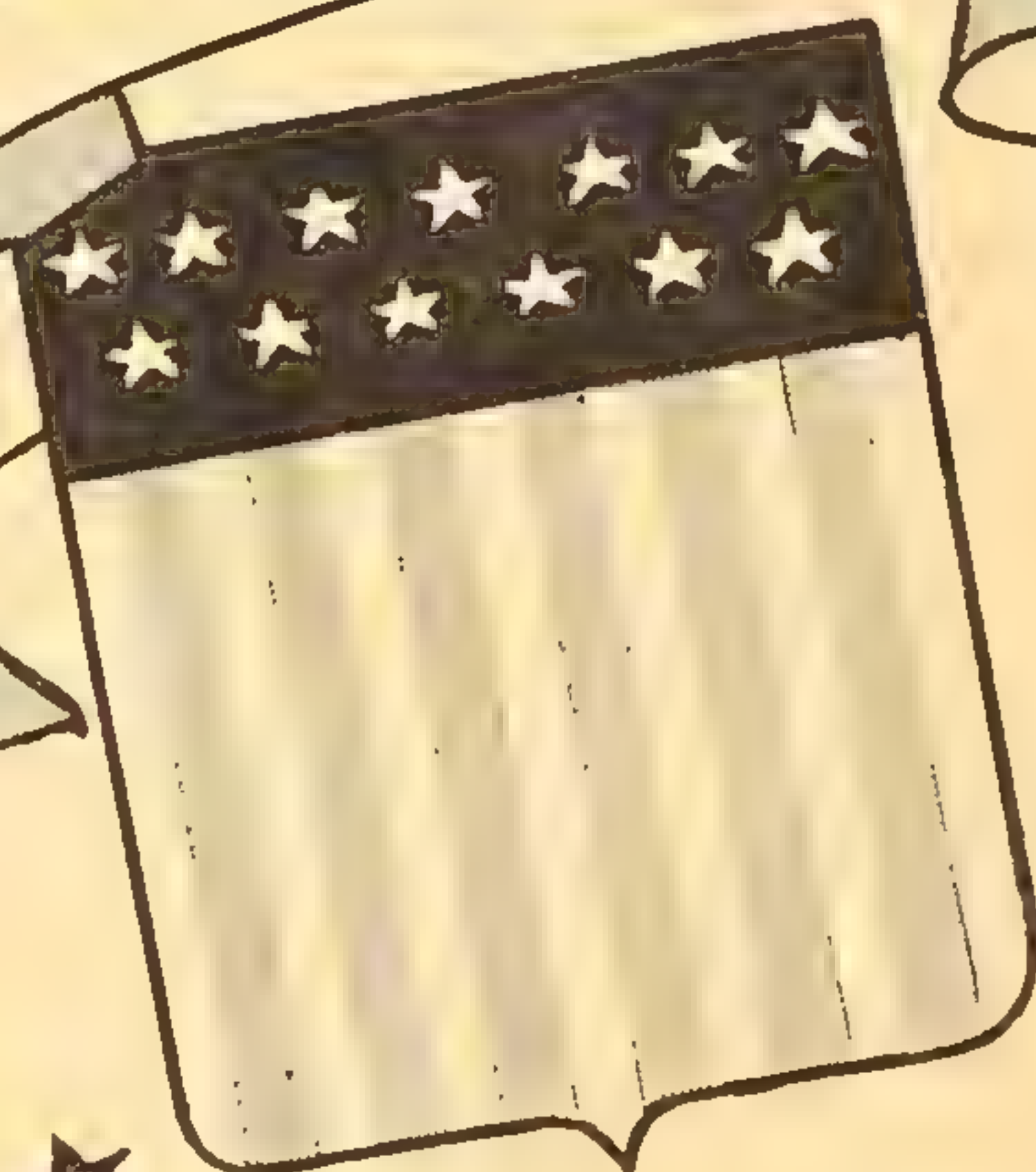
Hurrell





HOLLYWOOD

MAKES



THERE are times when I could cheerfully murder all movie stars. And there are times when I think they are the biggest-hearted, most generous, most kindly folk I have ever known, and certainly the finest. That's when I see them knocking themselves out entertaining people—for free. Ask a Hollywood writer (for pity's sake, don't ask *me*) to write some-

thing for nothing and you can hear the growling and griping that goes on all the way to Staten Island. For *nothing*? It's an insult. But ask a Hollywood movie star to appear at a benefit—any kind of charity—and he (or she) is not only delighted, but proceeds to bat his brains out for the rest of the week working up a snappy new act. He gives a thousand dollars worth of entertainment. Dozens of times a year. And all he ever gets for it is laryngitis.

Take Jack Benny, for example, and that "glamor junket" up to Fort Ord and Camp Hunter Leggett. He had a cold and a tempera-



Movie stars help keep up the morale of the draftees by visiting army camps "in person" and putting on good shows

By
Liza



the ARMY LAUGH

Pictures show Hollywood stars on "glamor junket" where they entertained the soldiers—you'll find Claudette Colbert, Jack Benny, Joan Blondell, Mary Livingstone, Marlene Dietrich, and Gracie Allen and George Burns among others.



ture, and the doctor told him not to dare get out of bed. They ran Georgie Jessel in at the last minute to M.C. for Jack—but the first person at the Glendale station the morning the troupe left was Jack Benny, in a yellow scarf and a red nose, with Mary Livingstone and the doctor not far behind. All through the trip they heard Jack, looking like death warmed over, saying to the doctor, "All (Please turn to page 76)



They call Carole Landis the "Blonde Bomber" at such California army camps as Hunter Leggett, Haan, Calan, and Fort Ord where she has appeared in person. "I love visiting camps," says Carole. "I guess I'll just have to marry Bob Hope and make a life's work of it."

Decorations by
Leonard Frank



THE great man was dying. Jonathan Reynolds, who had everything he had ever thought he wanted, lay in a huge, hand-carved mahogany bed under silken coverlets and all about him were the possessions which had become so meaningless now.

Once, such a short time ago, things had made up the pattern of his life: his magnificent antiques, the rich food he loved, the aroma of the two dollar cigars made to his special order. Strange the way he felt, as if even a cigar was unimportant now. He was so tired! There was only one thing he wanted, that his son would come in time.

Downstairs in the big hall the two men sent from the National Museum to take his death mask waited impatiently. And across the street two reporters, keeping their own death watch in the rain, waited too as the presses were waiting down town. Already the front page had been set up with the headlines telling of the old man's death, and the obituary was illustrated with pic-

tures that showed the course of his life: Reynolds as a baby, as a schoolboy, as the man he had become, grizzled and choleric with his fiery blue eyes darting out from under his bristling eyebrows, the grim humor of his purposeful mouth concealed by his shaggy moustache. Everything was ready now. He had only to die.

"His inheritance tax ought to about make the country even," one of the reporters said, looking at the rain-washed window in the massive, stone house across the street.

"He was born too late," the other said. "Two hundred years ago he'd been a pirate. Captain Kidd himself. Remember that stomach of his? I watched him eat once at a banquet. He didn't order a steak. He ordered a cow. If he doesn't hurry, we won't make the morning edition and the Herald'll beat us. He oughta die for us exclusive." He lifted his eyes heavenward and for the first time in years muttered a prayer. "As long as he's gotta

She was a little nobody, he was a millionaire's son engaged to a *débutante*—and then his father, at death's door, took a fancy to the wrong girl! Read the romantic solution to this fantastic problem, fictionized from the unusual new film starring Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton, with Robert Cummings

**Fictionized
by
Elizabeth B. Petersen**

For complete cast and credits of this Universal Picture please turn to Page 58

Deanna's first film since her marriage gives her a rôle vastly different from previous pictures. As a hat-check girl plunged into the hectic situation of make-believe fiancée of a rich boy, she plays with enchanting appeal and skill, especially in her scenes with Charles Laughton, famous character star who enacts Bob Cummings' father (see scene right).



go, please have him go no later than nine-thirty. That dirty Herald's been getting all the breaks."

He stopped as he saw a cab drive up. Reynold's son arriving at last! He'd been ordered to get all the details of that story. Lump in the throat stuff, the editor had demanded. The only son flying from Mexico to his father's death bed. Would he make it or wouldn't he? Slobber all over the place. Well, maybe, just *maybe* the boy had made it in time. But as he darted across the street to find out, the massive doors had already closed behind Jonathan Reynolds, Junior.

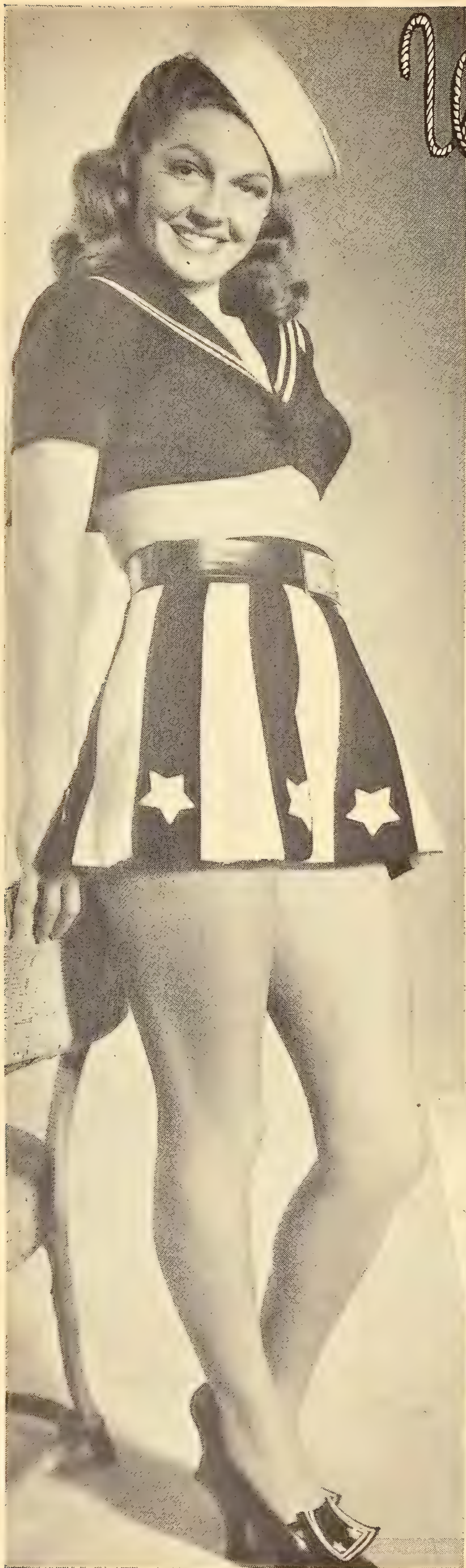
Jonathan's face showed the strain he had been under as he looked at the doctor. He had known old Harvey since he was a kid but he had never felt quite like this about him, as if a nod or a foreboding shake of the head was going to settle his whole life.

"There's a chance, isn't there?" he demanded and then as the doctor hesitated, "*isn't there?*"

"He's had a rich, full life," Harvey said, avoiding a direct answer. "A man couldn't ask for more than he was given."

"No, I guess not," the boy said slowly. His young voice was raw with his despair but when they came to his father's room, he reached down into his heart for the courage to bring a smile to his lips, to make his voice sound casual and everyday and as if this was a usual homecoming.

"Hello, Dad," he said, (Continued on page 58)



What's Cooking?



THIS town is full of tourists. Taking advantage of those rates, no doubt. They all want to meet Clark Gable. And go some place where it's fun. "Where do you go for laughs in Hollywood?" I'm asked constantly. What's cooking? Well, I'll tell you.

Since dullness, such respectable dullness, has thrown a chill over Hollywood that not even the smudge pots can drive away—and some of my best friends are smudge pots, smudgy and deliciously potty—I find that I can recommend for laughs only one spot in the entire city of cinema: the "Navy Blues" set at Warner Brothers out in the Valley. If you know somebody who knows somebody, you can make the "Navy Blues" set, and there you'll find fun on a rampage. What with a whole mess of Hollywood comedians knocking their brains out trying to top each others' wisecracks you can well imagine that the set is utterly lacking in rose petals and *belles lettres*. Emily Post wouldn't like. But *you* would. It's a blues chaser, *deluxe*, this set. Shoot the Navy to me, Blues!

Several months ago when Ann Sheridan said all right she wasn't mad with Warner Brothers any more and she'd come back to work again, the jubilant Front Office told the typewriting back office to whip up something very gay and gala for the Oomph Girl's comeback picture—something in which Ann could wear a bathing suit. (And when Ann saw the bathing suit she said, "This must have been run up by a stenographer—in shorthand.") Now our Annie had just received the vote of the 49 sailors on the submarine *Narwhal* as "The Girl With Whom They'd Most Like to be Submerged." So that gave the boys an idea: The Navy, Honolulu, hula skirts, Waikiki Beach, pretty girls, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, and Jack Carson turned loose, and, they wrote in the script, "for Sheridan's (*Please turn to page 64*)



Mad and merry, the stars of "Navy Blues" will wow you. Ann Sheridan and Martha Raye, Jack Oakie and beautiful gals—all add up to grand fun. Read our inside story of Hollywood's best current musical with patriotic theme.

Let's go gay with Ann Sheridan,
Martha Raye, Jack Oakie and Company

By Liza



Hollywood's most successful actress-mother gives inspiring advice out of her own intimate experience in raising her two happy, healthy daughters which will interest not only the fifth winner in our 6-Star Contest series, but all mothers with similar problems

Joan Bennett is never too busy being a career woman to be a good companion to her two daughters—Melinda, seven, and Diana, thirteen. At left, she has a Hallowe'en party for them in her studio dressing room. Below, the "baby" of the happy family, Miss Melinda.



Making Good As A Mother!

By *Joan Bennett*





PRIZE-WINNING LETTER

My dear Miss Bennett:

I am the mother of three small lovely, attractive, and as a rule well-behaved girls—ages ten, five, and one and a half years. They are very lovable kiddies.

We are buying a small home in a new subdivision. The children are well fed and dressed. (I make all of their clothes.) My husband works afternoons and evenings so he has only Saturdays and Sundays to be with our daughters. I know they miss him terribly.

Our main problem is that within the past year the two oldest children, Joan and Patsy, are so discontented. They will play with their toys for a short while and then cast them aside. If we go visiting, which is very seldom, they want to go home and vice-versa. At the table Patsy will pick and pick at her food. I've tried everything—made all the tempting dishes I know of, and even asked her advice on meals for the family. But it just doesn't work.

Will you please tell me how I can get around this dissatisfied spell of theirs?

Sincerely,

Mrs. Irene M. Snyder,
St. Clair Shores, Michigan.

DEAR Mrs. Snyder:

When Cornelia so eloquently expressed the pride of every mother in her children by calling her sons her "jewels," she selected a figure of speech more descriptive than she probably realized as she spoke. Children *are* like jewels in that they are a mother's proudest possession, it is true. More important, however, as every good mother realizes, they are like jewels in that they must be polished before they can reflect their true worth and beauty. It is the polishing process which requires alike in mother and diamond-cutter the utmost in patience and precision. The flawless gem is there in both cases, requiring only expert handling.

I think a serious mistake many parents make is indulging their children too much. That is why I believe you, Mrs. Snyder, who are making such a tremendous effort to please your three daughters, are getting no place with them. In your anxiety to polish your jewels lovingly, you have hesitated to take the sharp first blow that determines from the start the gem's line of cleavage. Let me make it plain that I am only continuing my figure of speech when I say "blow." I do not believe in corporal punishment. Rather, I have found with Diana and my seven-year-old Melinda that more reasonable means are much more effective. For example, take the case of your ten-year-old Joan and five-year-old Patsy, and the way they tire easily of their toys. I would handle that problem, not by punishing the children physically, but by banishing all of their toys until such a time as they would be appreciated. This method makes the punishment fit the crime, to quote from Gilbert and Sullivan, and associates the two so forcefully that even small Patsy will appreciate the reason for the banishment and the justice of your ruling.

Since both children soon become discontented with their toys, it is altogether probable that young Patsy is imitating Joan. I point out this possibility because Patsy is at an age when most children are engrossed for hours in whatever they happen to be doing. On the other hand, the toy difficulty may start from the other side entirely. That is, if Joan is expected to play with the same toys which amuse her half-as-old sister.

I make it a point—since there's six years difference in age between my own daughters—to see that each of my children is provided with toys in keeping with her natural development. In this same connection, it is also

Movie's best argument for combining career with motherhood, above: Joan's two lovely daughters. Top right, the letter from Mrs. Irene M. Snyder selected by Miss Bennett as 6-Star Contest winner, fifth in our series. Mrs. Snyder not only wins valuable advice from the star in this article, but also the personally selected gift, glittering pin worn by mother Joan at right.



important that sisters of such varied ages not be forced to play together constantly. In a few years, half a decade difference in age will mean nothing, but in the early years it means a great deal. Children should have their own possessions and a particular place in which to keep them, whether it is a box, a chest, a closet, or a room—but some place which is their *very own*.

Joan Snyder is beginning to look forward to adulthood. Sister Patsy, to her, seems a baby. This difference in viewpoint and interest will continue, probably, until Patsy finishes high school. So don't try to force too close an association during their formative years. Joan, at this age, should no more be expected to have Patsy tagging at her feet every moment than should Patsy, in turn, be expected to play constantly with her eighteen-months-old sister.

I feel very strongly on this (*Please turn to page 67*)

Citizen Cotten Raises Kane Going to Town!

Orson be praised, even Welles hasn't wangled Joseph Cotten into taking himself seriously, even though he triumphed in his very first important picture rôle

**By
Charles Darnton**

After his hit in "Citizen Kane," Cotten won coveted lead in "Lydia," Korda's new picture. Scenes at right show him with Edna May Oliver, a gay twinkle in her eye, and star Merle Oberon.



IT WAS no entrance for an actor. He stuck his tawny head in at the back door, for all the world like the man off the vegetable cart, then followed through with the rest of his six feet clad alliteratively in singlet, slacks and sneakers. All this was agreeably surprising, since in my chump way I had come prepared for a possible we-of-the-Mercury-Theater approach that threatened to be a bit on the stuffy side.

Perish the thought. Joseph Cotten was as free-and-easy to meet as Major, his Scotty, and almost as waggish. To tell the whole truth, my first impression was that of a boy and his dog, a biggish, well-built, handsome lad, to be sure, yet one with an unmistakably infectious boyish quality. His blue eyes smiled and a laugh wasn't long in coming from the midriff. Orson be praised, even Welles hadn't wangled him into taking himself seriously!

Yet here, if you please, was one actor who hadn't had to wait to wake up and find himself famous. Even before the evening shadows had fallen on the avocado salad of its collective dinner-table, all Hollywood had his name on its tongue, thanks to an afternoon press showing of "Citizen Kane" and his straightforward, compelling and ingratiating performance of a dramatic critic who, not without actual precedent, had been driven to drink by bad acting. Out of "Citizen Kane" had come, unheralded and unknown, an able and inevitably important Hollywood citizen.

That was indubitably that, though by no means all of it. Since that day, eventful for its violation of all the accepted rules governing a Hollywood newcomer, Citizen Cotten had raised Kane by going to town with such tradition-breaking speed that you couldn't see him for gold-dust. He'd hardly had time to get his second wind when Alexander Korda rushed him into "Lydia" opposite Merle Oberon, and now here he was a star before you could say Canopus. As if that weren't enough, four more pictures already were lined up for him, a year's work in any man's language. Meanwhile, he was having a brief rest in the house he had taken near the Riviera Country Club, where hard-working (*Please turn to page 68*)

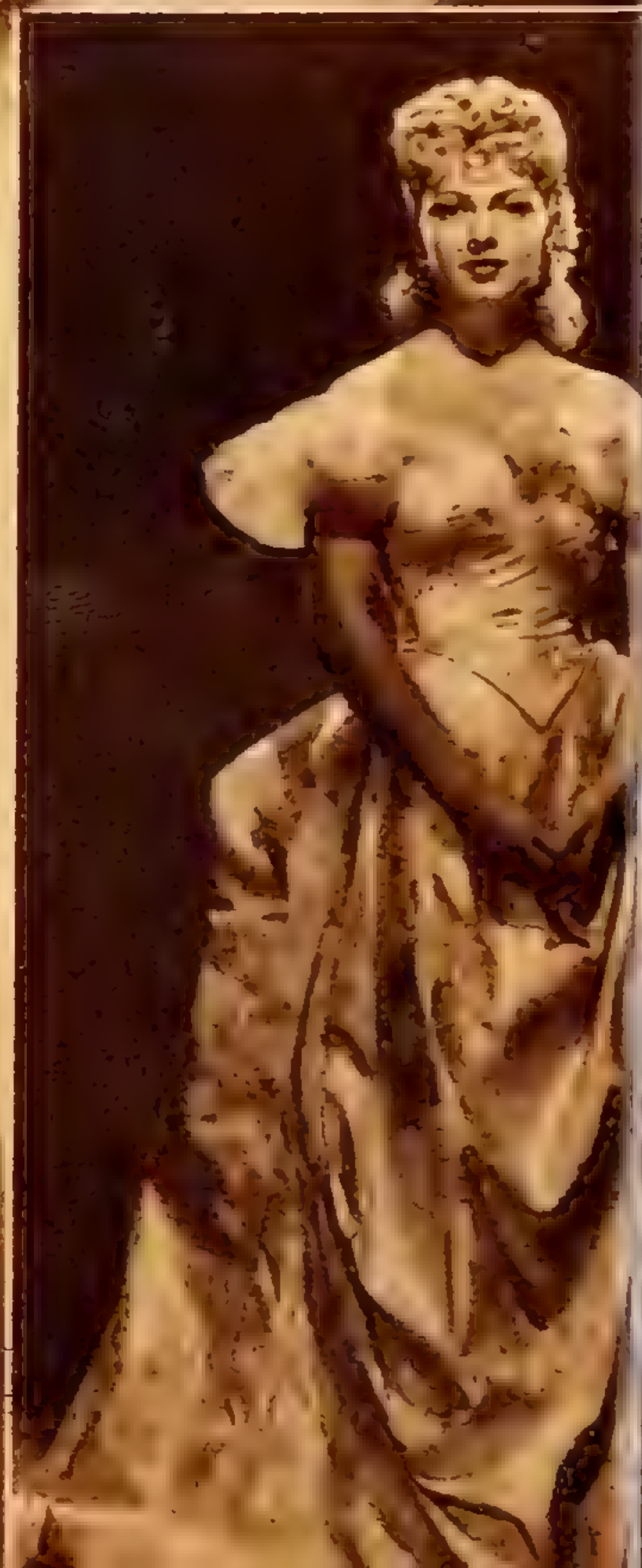
LAUGH WITH LANA!

Vibrant Youth, personified by *la belle* Turner, can always be counted on to cheer up the rest of the world. Lana laughs because, after her demure rôle with Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—see following page—she steps into the colorful co-starring spot with Gable in "Honky-Tonk"



LUSCIOUS!

Lana's languorous mood, pictured here, is in startling contrast to her gay picture on preceding page. Below, in costume for her "good-girl" rôle in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." How do you like her—as Tracy's lady-like heroine, or Gable's gal?



FAIR RIVAL

And here is Ingrid Bergman in her first rôle as "bad-girl"—the bar maid who is menaced by the brutal Hyde and becomes his victim. Below, a scene showing Spencer Tracy with his two leading ladies in the exciting new filming of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."



A HERO AT LAST!

After years of screen villainy, virile Bruce Cabot will finally emerge as a movie lover in Walter Wanger's "Sundown," in which he gives Gene Tierney more than one of those smouldering looks as pictured here





DESERT DREAM

Only a Hollywood desert "location" could offer such a siren of the sands as Gene Tierney, who plays a fiery rôle aided by such tasty touches as costume jewelry and bare midriff. We're looking forward to "Sundown"



Betty Grable isn't in "Charley's Aunt" but her gams are as glamorous as Jack's are humorous, so the smart publicity boys at 20th Century-Fox arranged this gag picture. Below, Benny in hilarious moment with Kay Francis, who plays the real Aunt from Brazil whom Jack impersonates. Facing page, smoke gets in Benny's eyes as he contemplates pretty Anne Baxter, as one of the cuties in the cast. Other scenes give you some idea of the comic possibilities of the ludicrous plot.



YOO-HOO!

JUST LOOK at
JACK BENNY

Funniest film of the new season is "Charley's Aunt," from the perennial stage play, with Jack Benny masquerading as the dear old lady from Brazil, surrounded by pretty girls and uproarious gags





HOLLYWOOD'S Newest Red-Head

And Dorothy Commingore has green eyes to go with the gorgeous hair — making us wish this sensational young actress of "Citizen Kane" could be photographed in Technicolor, considering how it has enhanced Greer Garson's appeal. Be sure to watch for Miss Commingore in "Valley of the Sun," soon to be produced

Here's A Man

Name, James Craig. First hit, "Kitty Foyle." Second big part in "Here Is A Man," in which he plays Anne Shirley's husband who is nevertheless susceptible to the charms of Simon Simone (left).



MEET MISS SMITH!



*Welbourne,
Warner Bros.*



Sometime ago we invited you to keep your eye on a lissome young newcomer named Alexis Smith. For proof that we can pick 'em, see "Dive Bomber," in which the lady named Alexis plays the one and only woman's rôle in this air epic with Fred MacMurray and Errol Flynn. "They say" she'll wow us as did Veronica Lake in "I Wanted Wings." Wait and see, is all we ask

FRED in FLIGHT



Welbourne.
Warner Bros.

Fugitive from those creampuff comedies in which he has been cast once too often, MacMurray welcomes his timely assignment in "Dive Bomber," in which he can play an intrepid pilot conquering the clouds as a change from making love to Madeleine Carroll, pleasant though the latter job may be. He has to fight Errol Flynn for first honors — may the better man win. We of course are neutral





RODEO ROMEO

Cowboy 1941 style is Ray Middleton, who in "Hurricane Smith" varies the Gene Autry-Roy Rogers formula by failing to sing—not because he can't, for he has a fine voice; but because he is too busy ridin' and ropin' and making love to charming Jane Wyatt.



A. L. Whitey Schafer,
Columbia Pictures



CLEVER TREVOR



This very modern young woman can exchange her soignée personality for the brisk and breezy moods and manners of a frontier gal of the Old West, as Claire performs so expertly in the new super-Western, "Texas," with Bill Holden and Glenn Ford.

Pet Picture Winners!



FIRST PRIZE WINNER (above)

Christa Wehlau of East Orange, N. J., wins the original Morgan Dennis drawing of Mickey Rooney published in our August issue.

\$5.00 PRIZE (right)

Fern B. Wimer of East Rochester, New York, captures a prize with her wistful-eyed entry.



Jump on the Pet Picture bandwagon! Compete for first prize, Morgan Dennis' original drawing on facing page. Winning picture will be published in an early issue, and we will pay \$5.00 for each additional print used.

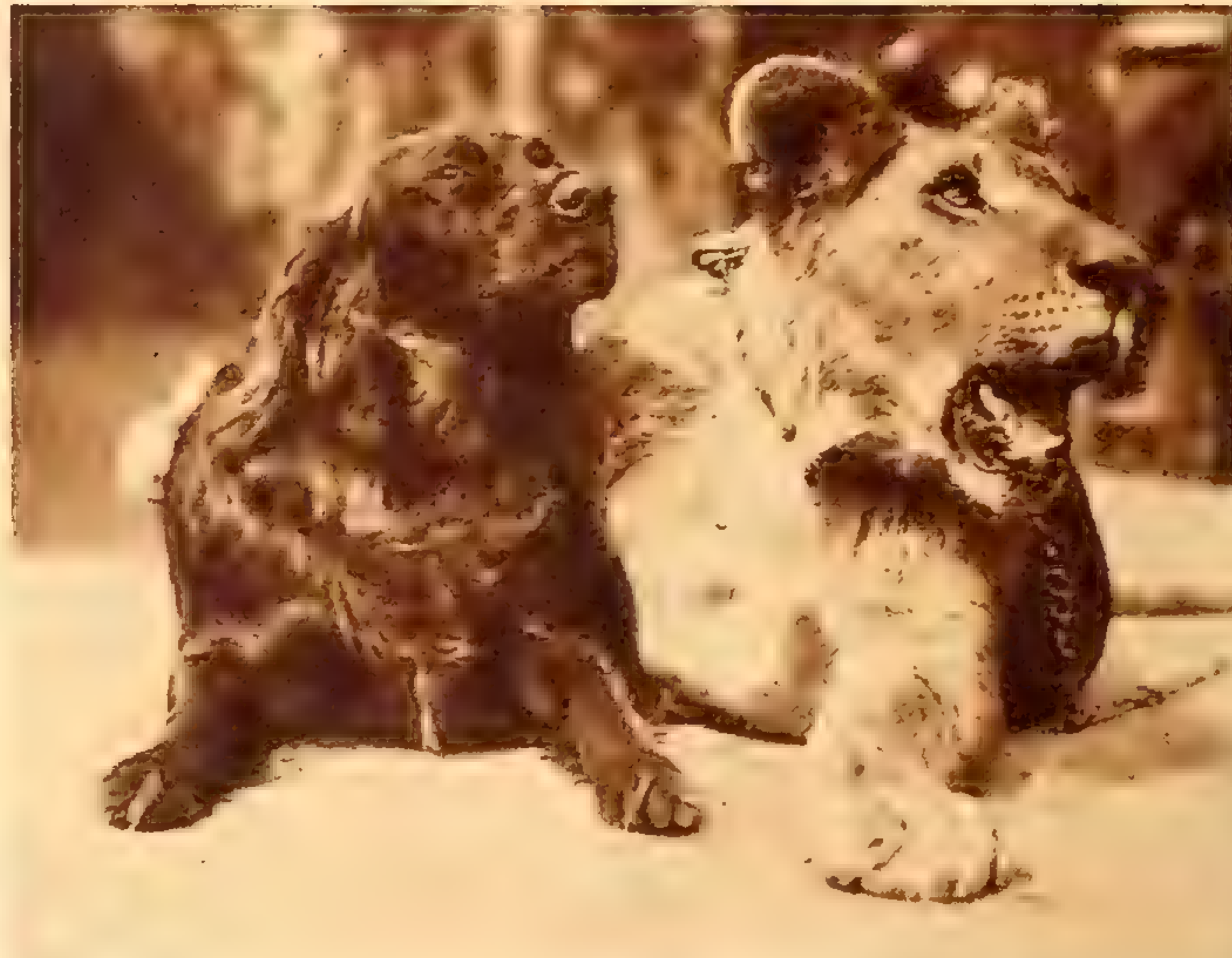
RULES: 1, All Pet Pictures will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.; 2, Contest closes midnight, September 2, 1941; 3, In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant; 4, Enclose coupon with your entry and address to New Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

I am entering SCREENLAND New Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed herewith.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITYSTATE



The first prize Pet Picture winner and runner-ups, won by a photo finish! Opposite, Morgan Dennis' drawing of Clark Gable and his pet awaits a winner in this, third contest of series.

\$5.00 PRIZE WINNERS

(left and below)

Jane Elwyn of San Francisco, California, submitted these amazing Pet Pictures of Simba, African lion, and doggy foster mother.



\$5.00 PRIZE WINNER (below)

Bill Allen of Chautauqua Park, Colorado, calls his prize entry, "Secrets."





CLARK GABLE AND FRIEND

By Morgan Dennis



20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Betty Grable and John Sutton in "A Yank in the R.A.F."

Fresh new slant on a fine old favorite—or, Ronald's revenge on those inter-viewers who have always branded him as "stuffy"

By
Fredda
Dudley

Distinguished veteran, Colman can't miss—his every film is a hit. Below, the star with the director and leading woman of his new film, "My Life With Caroline," a sophisticated comedy.



COLMAN! Frustrated Caruso

NOW *there's* a fascinating thing about Ronald Colman. You emerge onto the set after having maneuvered your way past several red lights and a pair of dog winches, and you note a dapper greying man seated quietly in a canvas chair studying a script. You think, Hmm—looks like a bond salesman who was clever enough to get out of the business in September, 1929, and has never fully recovered from the astonishment occasioned by such luck. He has a look of mingled success and surprise at that success.

You and your escort approach and Mr. Colman leaps to his feet to be introduced. His eyes kindle, his face wreathes in a smile charming enough to warm the degrees right out of a glacier, and he becomes—abruptly—one of the most colorful personalities in pictures. When you confess about the bondsalesman-business, he chuckles. "Perhaps that's because, when I was nineteen, I went to work as a junior accountant. I've never felt so triumphant since, upon getting a job of work to do, as I did when I wrote to my mother, telling her that I was earning what amounted, in American money, to fifty dollars a month," he says. "The war broke out before I had a fair start in accountancy, but, even so,



that experience may be responsible for my—er—solemnity." He smiled when he said that.

Solemnity he has only in repose. When he is talking or listening, he is a study in animation. He lifts one eyebrow; he waves his left hand; he crosses and uncrosses his arms; he props one foot (*Please turn to page 63*)



Your **GUIDE** *at a* **GLANCE**

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"TOM, DICK AND HARRY"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ENCHANTING

APPEAL: To the young in heart—or if you aren't, this light fantastic comedy will make you feel that way.

PLOT: "Hello girl" with three suitors accepts all three proposals—and then dreams up the married life she'd have with each of 'em. You're kept guessing as to her eventual choice since you know she must make up her mind sometime. But our bet is you'll guess the right guy.

PRODUCTION: Keynote, Youth! Directorial wizard Garson Kanin, just 28, keeps it authentically romantic yet always casual—you know he understands these characters, they're real people to him, and he makes them so to us in the audience. Kanin's last picture before being inducted into Uncle Sam's Army is a great credit to him and fun for us.

ACTING: It's Ginger Rogers, America's white collar sweetheart, being gay again after "Kitty Foyle"—she's pert and provocative, she looks charming in the "dream" sequences, she always sparkles. Next most persuasive performance is by Burgess Meredith as the carefree lover. George Murphy as the go-getter, Alan Marshal as the rich beau are fine, too.

RKO-Radio

"MANPOWER"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ROWDY

APPEAL: Like 'em rough and tough? Then you'll go to and for this film with its fast action and racy dialogue.

PLOT: Escapades of Edward G. Robinson and Georgie Raft as buddies in a power line gang—buddies, that is, until Marlene Dietrich rears her lovely head and breaks up their beautiful friendship by marrying Eddie and falling for George. Trouble, trouble, trouble!

PRODUCTION: Realistic direction of Raoul Walsh keeps stars and scenes moving at a powerful pace, with plenty of drama when Robinson fights Raft on a power tower, of all places, and one of them falls to his death and the other into Marlene's arms—now don't tease because you'll have to see the picture to find out which man wins; it's worth your effort.

ACTING: Robinson and Raft make a strong and sinister team, almost convincing us that those publicity stories about their constant scrapping during the filming of the picture might have some basis in fact after all. What glares, what leers, what gestures—and they don't seem to be pulling their punches. How's magnificent Marlene? Don't you know?

Warner Bros.

"LADY BE GOOD"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
MUSICAL

APPEAL: For those Ann Sothern fans who have been waiting to see their *Maisie* move on to more "important" and pretentious pictures.

PLOT: Probably too much, what with the marital difficulties of hero and heroine, who keep popping in and out of the divorce courts until they're dizzy, to say nothing of the audience. It's a relief when said plot is held up by assorted songs and dances, and much more fun.

PRODUCTION: Top-heavy; too much of everything, making the film seem overlong. Lacks the "light touch" essential to musical movies. Best sequences are Ann Sothern's singing, Eleanor Powell's number with a clever dancing canine, a brief bit of "dead-pan" comedy singer Virginia O'Brien, and far too little of talented Red Skelton, from the stage.

ACTING: It is a bit of a triumph for Ann ex-*Maisie* Sothern, and could have been terrific if her material had been livelier. As it is, the piquant Sothern personality will win you and you'll want to hear more of her warbling. Robert Young as her composer-husband has a routine rôle which he plays that way. Handsome John Carroll has his big chance and clicks.

M-G-M

to the **BEST CURRENT PICTURES**

Delight Evans

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FINE

APPEAL: To every filmgoer fed up with the formula films—here is that rarity, a really unusual motion picture.

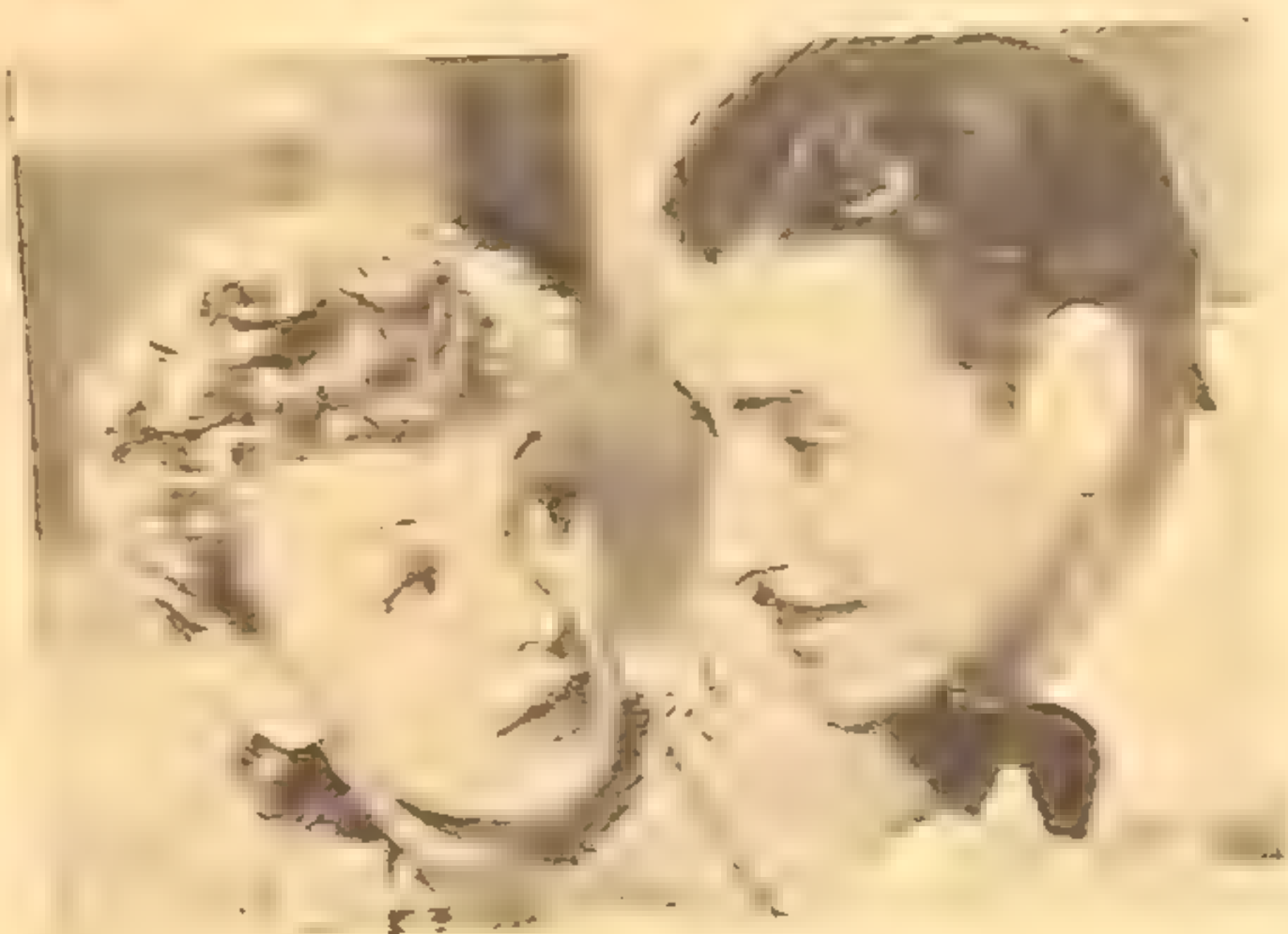
PLOT: Concerning the hopeful foreigners of various nationalities awaiting their visas to enter the U. S. from Mexico—their dreams of freedom, their fears, their disappointments—and the adventures of one in particular, involving hasty marriage to a young American girl.

PRODUCTION: It's Mitchell Leisen, meaning a high degree of excellence in every department, a fine sensitivity and rare imagination. Leisen has somehow escaped the Hollywood curse of "typing" which attacks directors as well as stars. By far the most versatile of top directors, here he has opportunity to reveal his deep understanding of character.

ACTING: It is the Charles Boyer of "Algiers" rather than of recent stereotyped films whom you'll see here, the fine actor as well as the smouldering lover, in a rôle only Boyer could play: a cad with no code of honor until he is shamed into decency by the girl he has tricked into marriage. Olivia de Havilland is exquisite as the trusting girl.

Paramount

"MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FROTHY

APPEAL: Of course you Ronald Colman fans will need no urging to catch this one, but better be warned—this is rather thin Colman.

PLOT: So slight as to be practically non-existent, but for all its flimsiness it will amuse the ladies, concerned as it is with Colman's gallant rescues of his flighty wife from one romantic entanglement after another—the husbands in the audience will not be so amused, perhaps.

PRODUCTION: Deft direction of Lewis Milestone saves this from being as innocuous as the plot would indicate, although too much dialogue swamps the action, if any, and even skilled handling can't conceal the fact that the amorous adventures of a pampered wife are hardly of world-shaking import. For fans of rather "precious" drawing-room stuff, it qualifies.

ACTING: Only Ronald Colman could make the utterly incredible character of the long-suffering husband not only bearable, but actually persuasive. It's possible that the Colman charm is slightly overworked for the first time, but blame the picture for that. Anna Lee probably couldn't be anything but silly and coy and vapid as the giddy wife—or could she?

RKO-Radio

"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D."



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SURPRISE

APPEAL: If you're after something different and decidedly wacky, this is it: tragedienne Davis manhandled by tough-guy Cagney.

PLOT: Revolving around Bette Davis, in rôle of spoiled rich girl, "kidnapped" by pilot Cagney and dumped into a desert ghost town to prevent her marriage to Jack Carson—ensuing chases and rescue have Bette bumped by a cactus and muddled up in a mine and kissed by Cagney.

PRODUCTION: Wild airplane ride, hide and seek in a ghost town, in and out of abandoned mines—what more could director Keighley do with material like that? Well, he might have handled it with more humor and less slapstick, or he just might have inspired his famous stars to more spontaneity and enthusiasm. As it is, both Davis and Cagney seem grimly determined to be good sports about the whole thing. They are.

ACTING: What seemed like a showmanly idea at the time, teaming the First Actress and Kid Cagney in a rough and tumble farce, bringing them down to earth, especially Bette, with a thud, turns out to be not quite so smart, but a terrific waste of high-powered talent. It's still a good idea, but the stars deserve a better story next time.

Warner Bros.

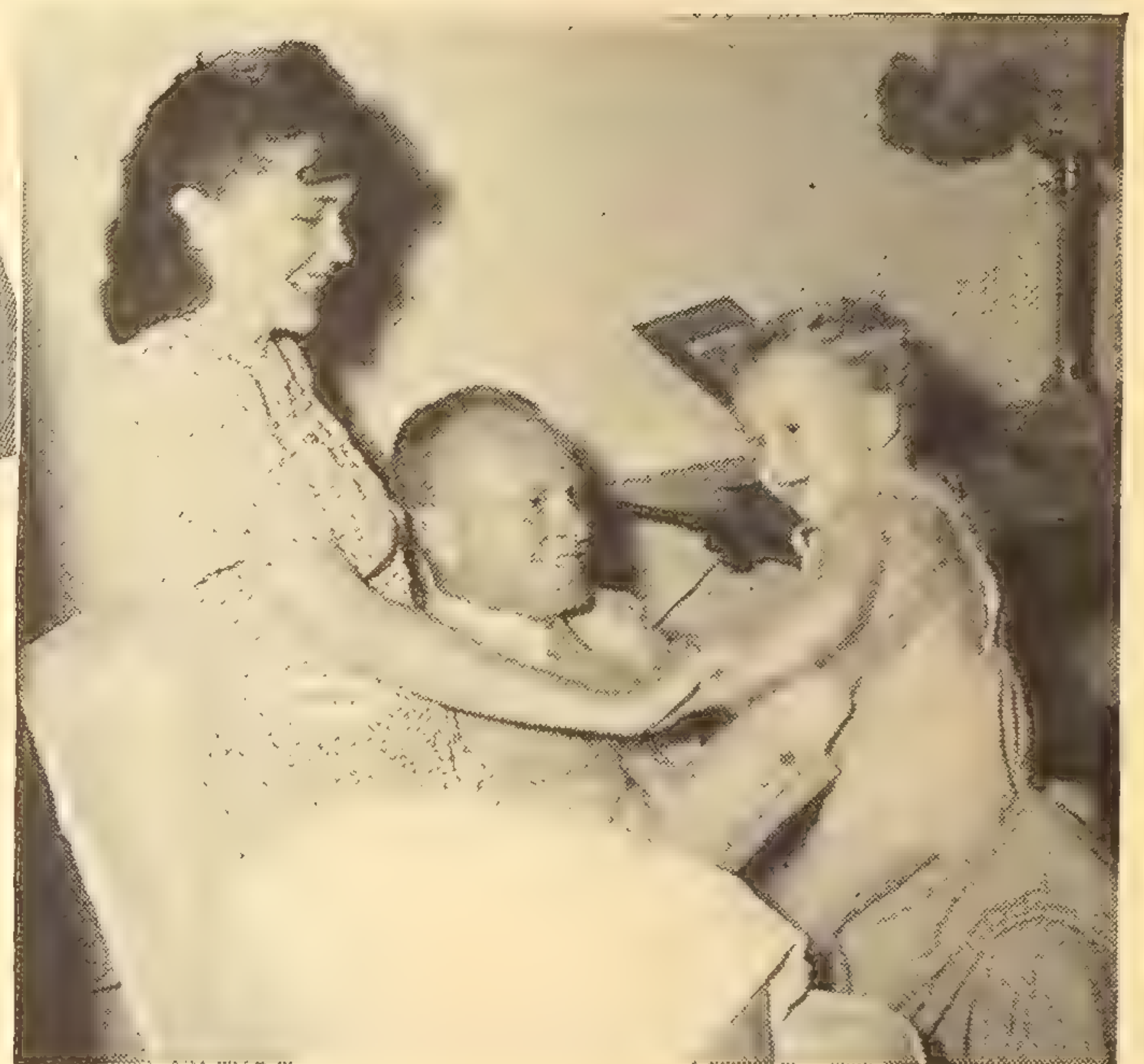
All Your Love— and Beauty

A message for young mothers,
inspired by Maureen O'Sullivan

By
Courtenay Marvin



Maureen O'Sullivan with a new hair-do, copied from one created by the Duchess of Windsor. Right, home, sweet home, with the star's husband, Lt. John Farrow, while on leave from the Royal Navy, and young son Michael enjoying it in typical "small fry" manner.



SHARING your loveliness with one is heaven. Sharing it with two is heaven-plus. So I gathered from Maureen O'Sullivan over a long luncheon during which we talked more than lunched. Up to 1936, there was only Maureen. And then there was Maureen's husband, John Farrow, writer and director, and then there was sunny-haired Michael, now about two, so any reader can understand why we talked. Beauty, the beauty one lavishes on oneself, had been my theme in mind when I went to meet Maureen. When I came away, it had changed to the beauty one may lavish on others, though I know Maureen hadn't thought of it that way.

Maureen, as her name will tell you, is Irish. She came to this country in 1929, and has dozens of pictures to her credit. Her next is another "Tarzan" movie. She is beautiful in an unmistakably Irish way. Her aquamarine eyes are very wide, and you know they can cry as easily as they can laugh. It had been a long time since I had seen a truly wild rose skin, but Maureen has just that. Her hair, however, annoyed her. The day before, she told me, she had had a beautiful pompadour coiffure. But that morning presented a problem—how to get it back again. Impetuously, she had combed out her hair, arranged it

as best she could, and very nice I thought it. But she didn't, in spite of the smart sky-blue calot with veil that matched her sky-blue tweed coat worn over a similar print frock. Just to prove the spirit of the Irish, we publish a very new picture of Maureen with a coiffure copied from one created by the Duchess of Windsor. This one is easy to manage.

Maureen O'Sullivan has that enviable ever-young type of figure. She is fairly tall and willowy. The advent of her son presented no later figure problems. And that leads up to a question more in the minds of young women today than in many a year, because marriage and birth are inclining sharply upward. Does having a baby spoil a figure? It didn't spoil Maureen's, and it didn't spoil Joan Blondell's and dozens of other stars'. It didn't with any of my friends, and I know three cases of surprising improvement. One lost a sway back; one flattened out a too prominent derriere, and one slimmed down from a hippy fourteen to a perfect twelve! They don't know how it happened, and neither do I.

Your doctor will prescribe diet and exercise when your baby is coming. If ever one needed to heed this advice to the letter, it is at this time. Doubtless, a corset, not a girdle, and a brassiere will be prescribed for you, too. Forget your personal whims and fancies. Do as you are told, and later you will thank your lucky stars that you did. At this time, skin often looks sallow and seems too relaxed, sometimes resulting in unnatural oiliness. A simple aid is more thorough and more frequent use of your favorite cream and soap and water. Those quick-acting masks are helpful, too, when you want to look your best for a sudden occasion. They have a pleasant toning-up action. Then, there are those special cleansers, like the beauty grains with which to wash your face. Hair, too, sometimes loses its lustre and seems lifeless. The brush is your good friend, now, plus the use of a cleansing lotion between shampoos. All these annoyances are but temporary, and you will soon be beautiful again. Meantime, do what you can to look your best.

After the baby comes, exercise is wonderful for getting back into perfect shape.

Never, however, begin any exercise without first consulting your doctor. Remember, the muscles of your body have been stretched and relaxed, and what you need are exercises to make them tight again. Authorities tell us that you can even begin mild exercising after the first week while you are still recuperating in bed. I can send you the name of a helpful book that will tell you exactly what to do, how to do it, and why. In every case, of course, you get your doctor's permission first.

Since you must remain in bed for a length of time, why not make this period a kind of Return to Beauty? Time will pass more quickly and you will be so glad when you are home and about again. When you get to the sitting-up stage, you can take hours, if you want, for a manicure. And maybe some good friend will give you one of those perfectly complete and compact manicure kits with which to amuse yourself. And if your skin seems dry, and this sometimes occurs after an anesthetic, apply a softening cream before you slumber. When you are sitting up and feel strong enough, you can brush and brush your hair, and you can put a ribbon in it. You can wear your best bed jacket for visitors, spray a heaven-sent eau de Cologne over arms and neck, and have your wearied, rushing-about friends envy you. In fact, you can, if you have the spirit, make the days of recuperating a kind of picnic.

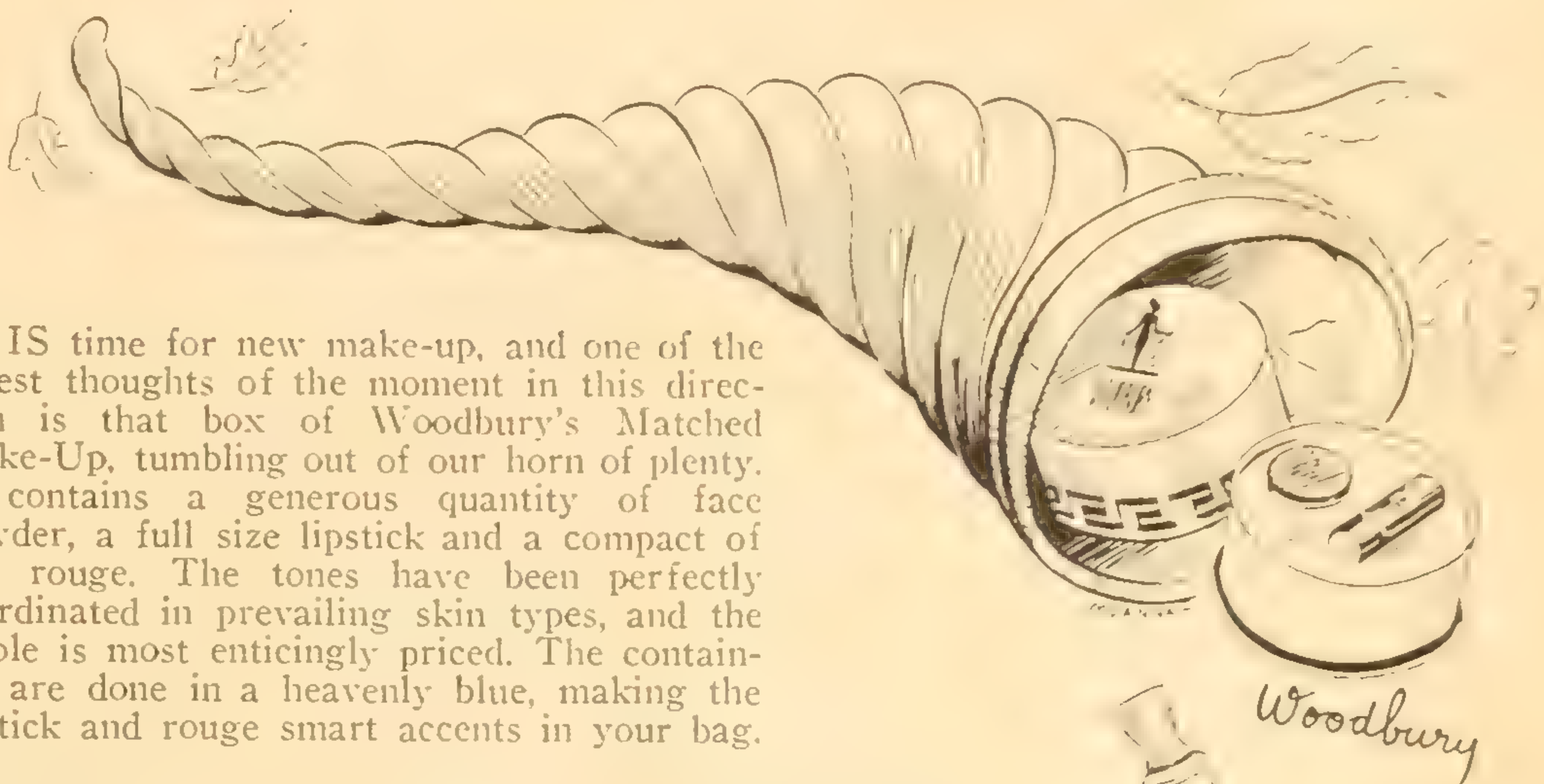
Motherhood, and certainly your first experience, is a challenge to your gallant spirit. Everybody bogs down at times; you think you look awful; you feel worse, yet nothing is really wrong. Whether or not men admit it, they admire spirit and courage extravagantly. Of course, you want to complain, and there is reason for it. But don't! Not any more than you can help. Maureen says that she can't imagine a woman being bored so long as she has those about her to love and a home of her own. Maureen likes needle work and flowers and gardening and arranging and keeping a home. And these are the things we love—certainly, most of us. Nothing quite replaces their lack. Some of these, and some career, and someone to love and be lovely for! That's not wishing for the stars. It's quite the order of this day and age. And Maureen O'Sullivan charmingly represents all these and Hollywood, too!



A truly "model" girl of Hollywood—Joan Blondell, with husband, Dick Powell. Perhaps you remember her in "Model Wife." She is just that; has two children, a son of seven, a daughter of two, plus a model figure.

Yours for Loveliness

Our October beauty horn of plenty yields a rich harvest in color and lilting fragrance



IT IS time for new make-up, and one of the best thoughts of the moment in this direction is that box of Woodbury's Matched Make-Up, tumbling out of our horn of plenty. It contains a generous quantity of face powder, a full size lipstick and a compact of dry rouge. The tones have been perfectly coordinated in prevailing skin types, and the whole is most enticingly priced. The containers are done in a heavenly blue, making the lipstick and rouge smart accents in your bag.

IF YOU like hobnail accessories for dressing-table or bathroom, then I think you might be tempted to buy the Wrisley Hobnail Cologne bottle alone, if you could find it. When you can get the bottle filled with a distillation like wistaria, though there are four other floral odeurs, I say you are a lucky girl. The bottle truly looks like a rare old piece of Americana, and the contents has a full, rich and true fragrance, that gives a cologne a perfume lasting quality. Matching Hobnail Bath Crystals and Hobnail Dusting Powder come in similar authentically reproduced jars, very charming.

YOU want a number of lipsticks, and you can hardly get by with less than three, if you consider lipstick, as you properly should, an accent both to skin and costume. And so I remind you of my little loves, the Cashmere Bouquet Lipsticks. I've always thought they were like velvet on the lips and always admired the lovely tones, but three new shades come along. Deep Red, Dark and Light. These new tones have caught the latest spirit of fashion trends and have also retained full regard for mouth beauty. A whole "wardrobe" of these lipsticks can be yours for a mere song.

SKYLARK, a complete series of aids to loveliness, comes skylarking along, just when gaiety and life and freedom seem to make a greater appeal to human nature than ever. We sketched the Dusting Powder and Lilting Fragrance (eau de Cologne) for you, but our horn wouldn't hold the matching perfume, face powder, talc, bath bubbles and soap. That's the complete family. When you inhale that first whiff of Skylark, you will recognize that it is so very different, so happily lilting and lifting. It seems made for those first brilliant skies of Autumn. All from Barbara Gould.

DURA-GLOSS needs no praise from this department for its rich lustre and enduring qualities. Every user knows about these. But the three spicy colors are news, geared to the new fashion colors we shall wear this Autumn and Winter. Red Pepper, Cinnamon and Nutmeg are their zippy names, and each is designed with your wardrobe in mind. With gray, gray-brown, blues, gold and blackberry, Red Pepper is your finger color foil. Cinnamon is a spicy accent to beige, brown and green, while Nutmeg, delicate yet colorful, is for all colors and is especially lovely with wines.

THE shower bathers always feel neglected. They point to the bath beauties for their tubbing sisters, like salts, and bubbles and perfumes, and feel they should have similar consideration. Bathasweet has something for the shower-ers, Bathasweet Shower Mitts of plump terry-cloth filled with powdered, perfumed Bathasweet Soap. Cleanliness, friction and perfume, all at the same time. You will simply love them. P. S. Tubbers can also use them! Brand new, too, in the bubbles family is Bathasweet Bubbles, which gives a cloud-blanket of lasting foam in Garden Bouquet and Pine. C. M.

Woodbury

Wrisley

Cashmere Bouquet

Barbara Gould

Dura-Gloss

Bathasweet



Cute is the word for this: A nice reason to see "Ice-Capades."

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

By
Weston East

MADELEINE CARROLL is burnt to a crisp because Hollywood gossip insists there is a romance between her and Stirling Hayden. But since their return from Nassau, neither has been seen out in public. Madeleine always did shun the bright lights. But when a pal asked Stirling to double-date with one of the most popular young starlets in town, Stirling said he had promised his studio to stay home nights!

EXACTLY one week after her marriage to Bill Holden, Brenda Marshall was shipped off to Canada to play opposite Jimmy Cagney and Dennis Morgan. Brenda cried all the way over to the airport. When they said goodbye an innocent bystander must have thought she was leaving for darkest Africa. Bill waited until the plane flew out of sight. Then he headed for the nearest inconspicuous spot and had a good cry for himself too!

SERVED that gossip columnist right when it was printed that Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman were expecting another baby. "Sorry," read a telegram signed by Ronnie and Jane, "but you must be confusing us with a pair of rabbits."

WHEN ORSON WELLES moved out of the house across the street from Shirley Temple, Zorina moved in. One night the Temple night watchman excitedly called Zorina's house and reported there was a man prowling around in her garden. The whole household joined forces and went to investigate. It was Orson Welles who had come to collect a pet turtle he had forgotten in the rush of moving! Scaring people is no novelty to Orson!

ANN SOTHERN and the hot weather are responsible for a new fad in Hollywood. Rushing to the studio one day, to keep cool Ann parted her hair in the middle, braided each side and tied each pigtail with a small ribbon. The fad swept the town. It finally reached Ciro's where the gals go for it by using silver and gold lamé ribbon for evening wear.

IF HE wants to enjoy good health, from now on, Franchot Tone will have to lead a much more conservative life. A transfusion was necessary during his recent operation. Franchot's doctor admits that the case was most serious. But the results will be perfect if Franchot will live the way he used to live, before that certain divine discontent overtook him.

THIS TIME, intimates insist, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita are really going through with those divorce proceedings. What's more, it's whispered that Lili will not spare Errol when it comes to the final reckoning. Even a pending divorce action leaves the mighty Flynn with little or nothing to say for himself.

BELOVED James Stephenson realized a last wish. For certain reasons he did not want to play the rôle of the doctor in Warner Bros. "Kings Row!" Shortly before his death, Jimmy confided to a friend that he wished he could get out of playing the part. He was to have started playing it a few days after he died!

YOU can take Bob Hope's word for it that he's up against a champion scene stealer in the person of Victor Moore. Victor, who is playing his original stage rôle in the movie version of "Louisiana Purchase," can do more with a toothpick in a scene, than most actors with a page of dialogue. Speaking of Victor Moore, one day they needed him and couldn't find him any place. An S.O.S. went out and he was finally located feeding bread crumbs to the studio goldfish.

HONORS for nicest guy in Hollywood go to Bob Taylor. When the front office called him in to tell him how pleased they were with his work in "No More Ladies," an executive said, "You've come a long way, Bob. It just goes to prove that hard work will accomplish miracles." "Yes," answered Bob simply. "Hard work—and being married to Barbara Stanwyck." That's typical Taylor.

JOHAN FREDRICKS, male milliner, has designed a special bracelet for Joan Crawford. It features a rolled gold band held together with a gold facsimile of a woman's lips. It has been appropriately named, "I kiss your hand Madame."

FRED MACMURRAY walked into his house after being away for two months in Canada. Just as he hung up his hat the phone rang. Fred answered it. It was the Mayor of Beaver Dam calling. Fred's home town was having a celebration. Would he come on and be guest of honor? Fred didn't have the heart to refuse. Or went his hat and he was off again for the wide open spaces.

(Please turn to page 82)

SHE'S FAMOUS—SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere
take her tip...
It's as simple

as

1

I NEVER NEGLECT
MY DAILY **LUX SOAP**
ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL. PAT THE
LATHER LIGHTLY IN

2

RINSE WITH
WARM WATER,
THEN A DASH
OF COOL

3

PAT YOUR SKIN DRY.
NOW IT FEELS
SMOOTHER, SOFTER.
LOVELY SKIN
WINS ROMANCE!

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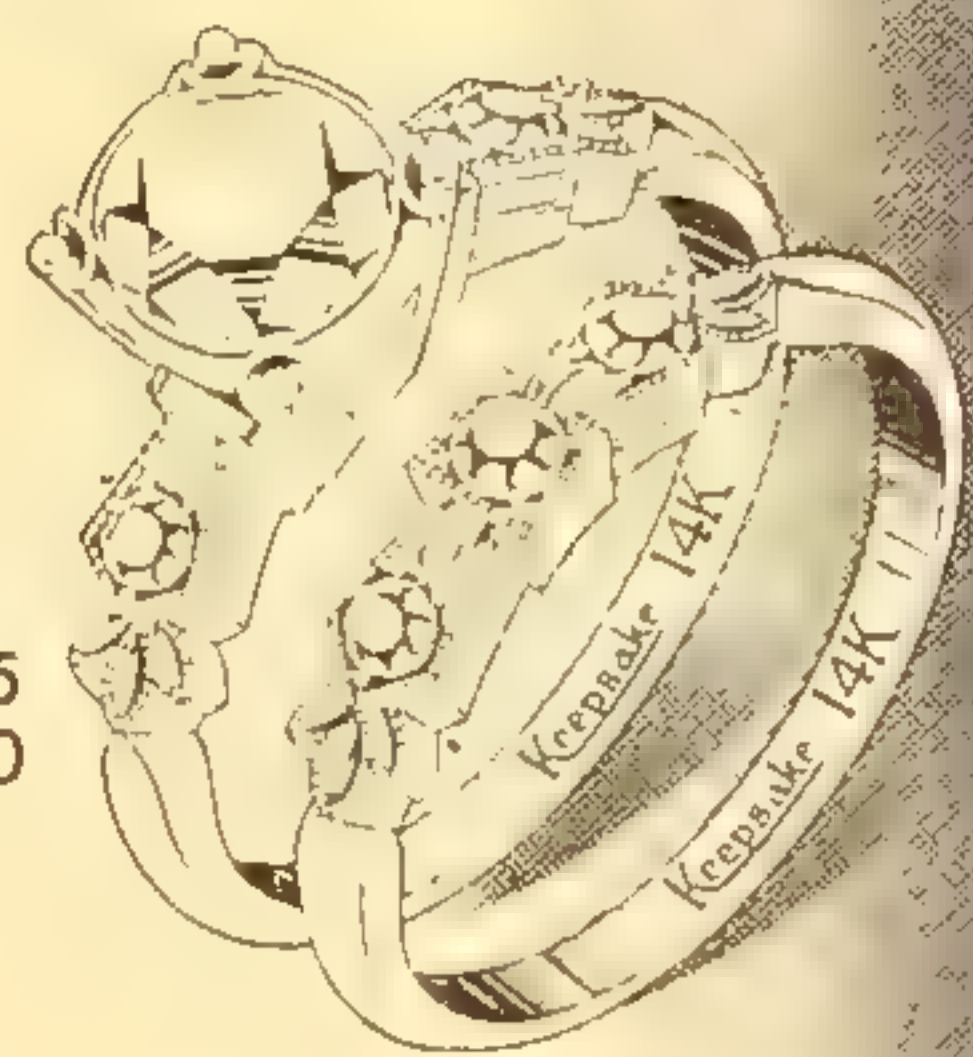
9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP



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Matched Set 134.75
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"Almost An Angel"

Continued from page 29

going over to the motionless figure on the bed. "I leave town for a month and I find you in bed. Out in the rain without your rubbers, eh?"

Old Reynolds stirred and his eyes opened slowly. "Hello, son," he said in a faint, far-away voice so terribly different from that old strident boom of his.

"You're looking fine, just fine," the boy went on in that desperate casual tone. "You'll probably be out of here in a week. Say, the fishing in Mexico, there's nothing like it. You and I are going back there."

"I'll never leave this room alive," the old man said slowly, his smile coming as if he were trying to soften the thing he had said. For a moment he lay there exhausted. Then he looked steadily at his son. "Tell me about her," he demanded. "The girl you fell in love with."

"Oh," the boy gulped. He didn't want to talk about Gloria now. His father, that was all that mattered, all the things he never had told him, the things he wished he had. There was so much to say and so little time but now, urged by those questioning eyes, he told all there was to tell. They'd hit it off right away. He had been ready to marry her the first week, but he wanted his father to meet her first.

"Why didn't you bring her here? I want to see her."

"I dropped her off at the hotel," Jonathan explained. "We brought her mother too. I figured you'd be resting, the excitement and all. But tomorrow, first thing, I'll—"

"No. Now!" Reynolds demanded. "Bring her to me. If I can just see her. That's all I'll ask."

"You're going to get better, Dad," Jonathan insisted. But all the conviction had gone out of his voice. He was frantic as he ran down the stairs and hailed a taxi, not even waiting for his car.

But when he got to the hotel, Gloria's telephone did not answer and there was no message to tell where she might have gone. He was desperate as he paced the lobby, so desperate he didn't even notice the little hat check girl in the trim, black satin uniform, holding out her hands for his coat.

Anne Terry grinned. She'd seen distracted young men before. A stand-up, that was what it was, and the girl must be a honey to get a man in such a lather. He seemed to fill the hotel with his frenzy as he sent bellboys in all directions from the beauty parlor to the cocktail bar paging her. That Gloria Pennington, whoever she was, was certainly a lucky girl. For he was good-looking. Nice too, Anne decided as she went into the little cubby-hole back of the check room and changed into her street clothes. Imagine having dinner with him instead of gulping it down alone at the corner drug store.

Some girls had all the luck and didn't know enough to hang on to it, she thought as she stopped in the entrance to open her umbrella. Then suddenly she saw him again and he was looking at her with a curiously speculative look in his eyes. "I beg your pardon," he said hesitantly. "Would you do me a tremendous favor?" And then as she started to shake her head in a decisive no, he went on desperately, "I'm in a bad spot and I need help. I've got to bring someone home right away. Anyone! I'll pay you fifty dollars. I know it isn't exactly proper, but my Father is dying. I'll tell you about it later. Please come."

"But I work here," Anne protested. "I'm only off for an hour and anyway—"

"I'll have you back by that time." Jonathan took her arm and urged her toward a waiting taxi.

Somehow he managed to tell her the story and her eyes were soft as he took her arm and led her to the motionless figure on the bed. "Here she is, Dad."

Anne blinked back her tears as she smiled down on the old man. "Hello," she said, and she smiled.

"Raise the lamp," Reynolds said slowly. And then as the nurse tilted the shade so that the light fell directly on Anne's face making a halo of her honey-colored hair and showing the tender curves of her chin and smile, the deep blue of her eyes, his own smile answered hers. "Pretty," he whispered. Then he lifted his hand and motioned her closer. "Sit here, child. I—I had to see you," he explained. "Just to make sure he picked the right one. He has very poor taste in women as a rule. But not this time. I'm glad. Make him happy, won't you? Make him deserve you. You see, I spoiled him and you probably will too. But he's a good boy, so—so keep your eye on him for me, won't you?"

Anne nodded. She couldn't talk. She knew it was silly to feel this way about an old man she'd never even seen before, as if he meant something to her, something special. And he must have felt that way about her too, for there was his hand holding on to hers as if he never wanted to let go of it again.

"We've had some beautiful women in this family," he said, and the old vigorous pride came back in his voice. "You should have seen his mother. You'll fit in just fine." He looked at her as if he wanted to hold her face there for the little time that was left to him. "My, you're pretty," he whispered. Then he smiled again as that low sob tore its way out of Anne's throat. "No, please, don't feel sorry for me. I've lived a long time and had more than my share of the good things, and all my life I've never been happier than I am now."

Anne managed a smile as Jonathan took her arm and led her out of the room, but when the butler told the boy Miss Pennington was on the phone and he went into the library to answer it, she couldn't hold back her tears any longer. "Hello, Gloria," she heard him say. "Yes, I did. My father wanted to see you. No, don't bother now. It's—it's a little too late."

So he had died then, Anne thought, when his head had fallen back on the pillow and the doctor had motioned they should leave. She wanted to say something when Jonathan, Jr. came back to her but she couldn't. She stared at the bill he held out to her and for a moment she felt as if she couldn't take it. But that would be silly. The money meant nothing to him and it meant so much to her. It meant home, and her mother and father, and putting the city and all its disappointments behind her. She could have laughed when she

"ALMOST AN ANGEL"

A Universal Picture. Produced by Joe Pasternak. Directed by Henry Koster. Photographed by Rudolph Mate.

Anne Terry Deanna Durbin
Jonathan Reynolds. Charles Laughton
Jonathan Reynolds, Jr.

Robert Cummings

Gloria Pennington. Margaret Tallichet
The Bishop..... Guy Kibbee



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make them more beautiful

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There's a lyrical loveliness about nails that wear Dura-Gloss. It lends them a feminine charm, a fascinating brilliance and color that catch a man's eye and move him to murmur some very pretty things. Dura-Gloss makes your nails look like bright bits of confetti, lighthearted symbols of happy things like popping corks, quick music and the swish of dancing feet. And no other polish can match Dura-Gloss for the rich warm color, the amazing luster and life it gives the nails.

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Dura-Gloss is made according to an UNPARALLELED SUPERIOR FORMULA perfected by lacquer experts for Dura-Gloss alone. Thousands of women have switched to Dura-Gloss because they've found it gives their nails ASTOUNDING LUSTER they find nowhere else, ENDURING

BEAUTY, looks lovely *days after* it's put on, SMART NEW SHADES that are always CONSISTENT AND UNIFORM — buy a bottle of your favorite shade today, buy another six months from now the shade will be identical. Yet all these exclusive advantages are yours for just one small dime!

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FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD



Jack Sprat could eat no fat—his wife could eat no lean. So they argued until the neighbors complained. Then one day Jack brought home a package of Dentyne (that delicious and pleasantly chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Sprat.

"A treat for your taste," said Jack. "Just you taste the blended richness of Dentyne's fine flavor."

"Say — it's good," cried Mrs. Sprat, "Dentyne is better than dessert."

"And not so fattening as some desserts," said Jack slyly. "Besides it will help keep your teeth naturally bright and sparkling. Here don't chew *all* six sticks!"

So Jack and Mrs. Sprat no longer argue — they both enjoy Dentyne.

(Moral: You can't argue about Dentyne's fine flavor. You enjoy it instead. And it helps keep your teeth bright and attractive. Dentyne's package is flat, handy, and flavortite.)



thought of all the things she had dreamed about, being a great singer and the way she'd spent every penny she could save on singing lessons and yet instead of her goal coming nearer, it had only seemed to be pushed farther and farther away until she knew she might as well go home again and sing in the choir as to spend the rest of her life checking hats and coats.

"I—I really shouldn't take this," she faltered. "But it's two years since I've been back in Ohio and now I can take the first train to Shelbyville in the morning."

She turned then and almost ran down the steps, but just as she reached the bottom, one of the reporters from across the street came dashing over to her.

"Is the old man, is Reynolds dead?"

For a moment the suddenness of the question startled her. Then she nodded. "Yes. I—I think so, she whispered.

The morning papers carried the grim headlines of Reynolds' death, but the old man lying in the huge carved bed had never felt better in his life. It was amazing how hungry he felt. "I want my breakfast," he said as his son and the doctor came into the room.

"Nurse!" The doctor's voice showed his amazement as he looked at his patient. The man was actually sitting up in bed and his voice sounded as if he were presiding over a board meeting. "I want you to make a nice, thin slice of toast and put it in a bowl with about two inches of lukewarm milk and bring it right in."

"You feeding the cat in here?" Reynolds demanded belligerently. "I want a steak and a cigar and where's Gloria? I want to see her. Maybe she'll come over for breakfast. I like her. And she likes me too."

"Now, Father," Jonathan began placatingly. "Don't you think the strain of having a visitor—?"

"I want her right now!" Reynolds was beginning to get into one of his old tempers. "Go and get her!"

Jonathan started to say something, but a warning glance from the doctor silenced him and he walked heavily away. Then as he reached the door he beckoned furtively to the doctor. "But I can't get her," he whispered an explanation as he closed the door. "That girl isn't Gloria. You see, she wasn't in and so I grabbed the first girl I could find—"

"You'd better bring her right back," the doctor ordered. Then he blinked as he saw the flowers banked in the hall downstairs, the massive sheafs of lilies and roses and the wreaths with their funereal inscriptions. "What in the world is this?" he demanded as the butler opened the door to admit a messenger boy arriving with a pile of telegrams.

"They're for the late Mr. Reynolds, sir," the butler sighed.

"We been swamped ever since it was in the paper this morning," the messenger boy added. And then as the doctor looked at him mystified, "It was in the New York Press. Didn't you see it?"

"It's—it's libel!" the doctor sputtered as Jonathan beat a hasty retreat down the steps. "Mr. Reynolds feels fine. He wants a steak and a girl."

The two men from the museum exchanged startled and disapproving glances. "The morning before Napoleon went," one of them said, "he wanted truffles."

The clock over the station showed Jonathan he had one minute to make it and he broke all the standing records for short distance sprinting as he dashed through the crowd. Then just when he had about given up hope, he saw her. "Thank heaven," he said, taking her arm. "We've got to get right out of here. Hey, porter," he shouted after a rapidly disappearing red cap. "Get me the lady's bags."

"No!" Anne pulled away from him

startled. "I've got my ticket and I've quit my job and I've wired home and—"

"We'll send another wire." Jonathan seized the bags from the startled porter. "We've got to hurry. I'm sorry, but he's asking for you."

But it wasn't the way it had been the evening before. For old Reynolds was himself now, alert and questioning, and to make matters even worse, the bishop and his secretary had stopped in for what they thought was a death bed visit and instead found themselves discussing plans for a wedding. And Reynolds looked almost fatuous and not at all like the fierce captain of industry that he was as he gave Anne a small green velvet box. "Open it," he nodded encouragingly and then as Anne stared down in amazement at the diamond necklace, "they were my mother's," he explained. "Then my wife's. Now they're yours."

"They're beautiful," Anne whispered.

"You're to hand them down to your daughter," Reynolds smiled. "Or to your son's wife."

"May I take them out?" Anne asked in that same awed voice, but she flushed as she saw young Jonathan look at her. For he wasn't smiling or happy or any of the things you might expect in a young man whose supposed fiancée had just been so beautifully accepted as one of the family.

"No," he said suddenly. That necklace, why, he had already told Gloria about it and it belonged to her, not to this smiling girl, who for all the cuddly look of her and her winsomeness and her candid eyes, was really a stranger. He didn't know a thing about her, or what she might do, and after all, his father *had* given her the necklace and technically it wouldn't even be dishonest of her to keep it. Then as he saw his father's amazement, he amended hastily, "I'm—I'm sure we have all seen it and—" He got up horrified as he saw the bishop preparing to leave and knew he would have to see him down to the door and so he couldn't help that last desperate admonition to his father. "Keep your eye on her, Dad, won't you?"

"I've married a lot of beautiful women in my day," the bishop said as they walked downstairs. "Speaking professionally, of course. But I've never seen a bride as lovely as she's going to be. I certainly congratulate you, Junior."

"Thank you." Jonathan was fumbling with his words as if they were a football. Then he reddened as the butler came over to him and said his fiancée was on the wire. "But she's upstairs!" The bishop looked startled.

"No, that's the other one," Jonathan said without thinking. Then when he realized what he had said, he became flustered. "The one upstairs is just a girl I picked up and—"

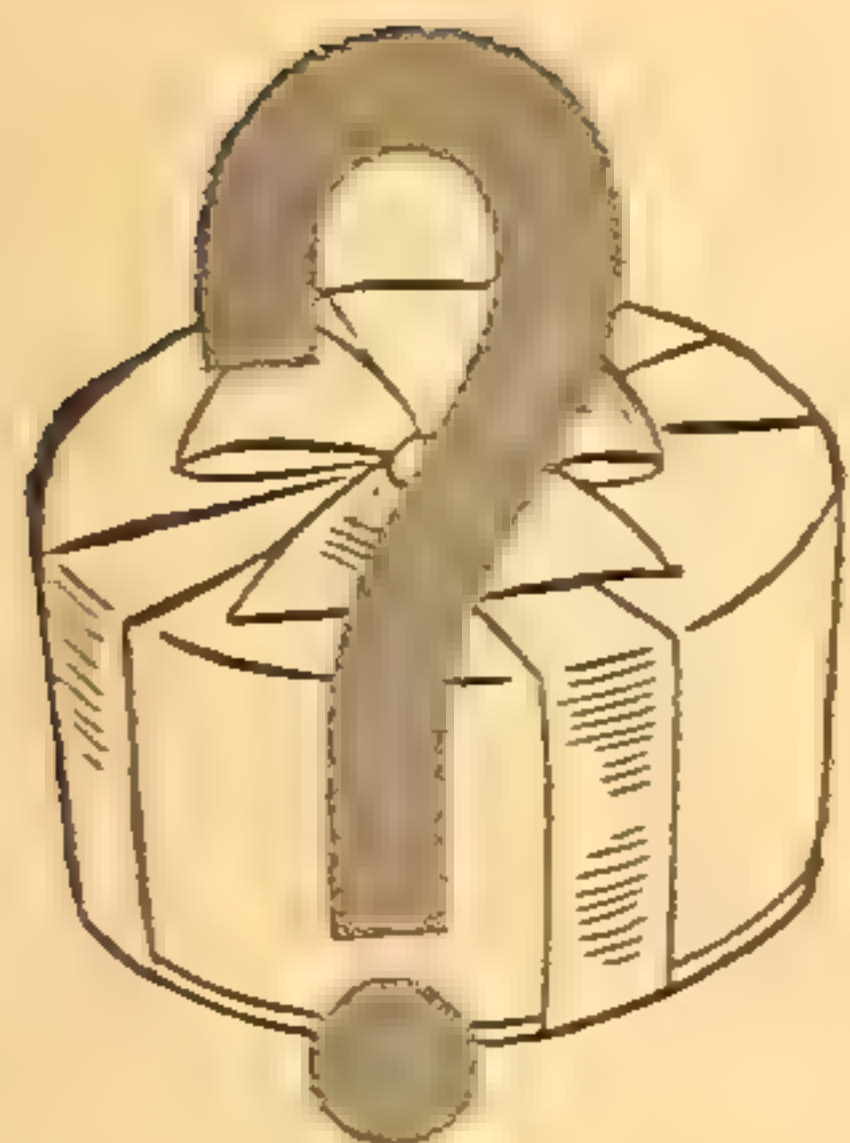
"My boy," the bishop shook his head mournfully. "This kind of life leads only to perdition."

"But it's not that at all," Jonathan floundered. "I—you see, I needed a girl and—"

The bishop held his hand up protestingly. "Your father was the same way," he said reprovingly. "Took me years to straighten him out!"

Jonathan turned away, despairing of ever catching up with his old normal, carefree existence. And talking to Gloria only made things worse. She was trying to understand when he told her the situation, but after all, it was a bit difficult and she didn't mind saying it. When he hung up he knew he'd have to put an end to this absurd situation. But when he told Harvey what he was going to do, the doctor shook his head. "You're going to do no such thing," he ordered sternly. "Remember your father's still a very sick man!"

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Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

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By *Lady Esther*



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can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

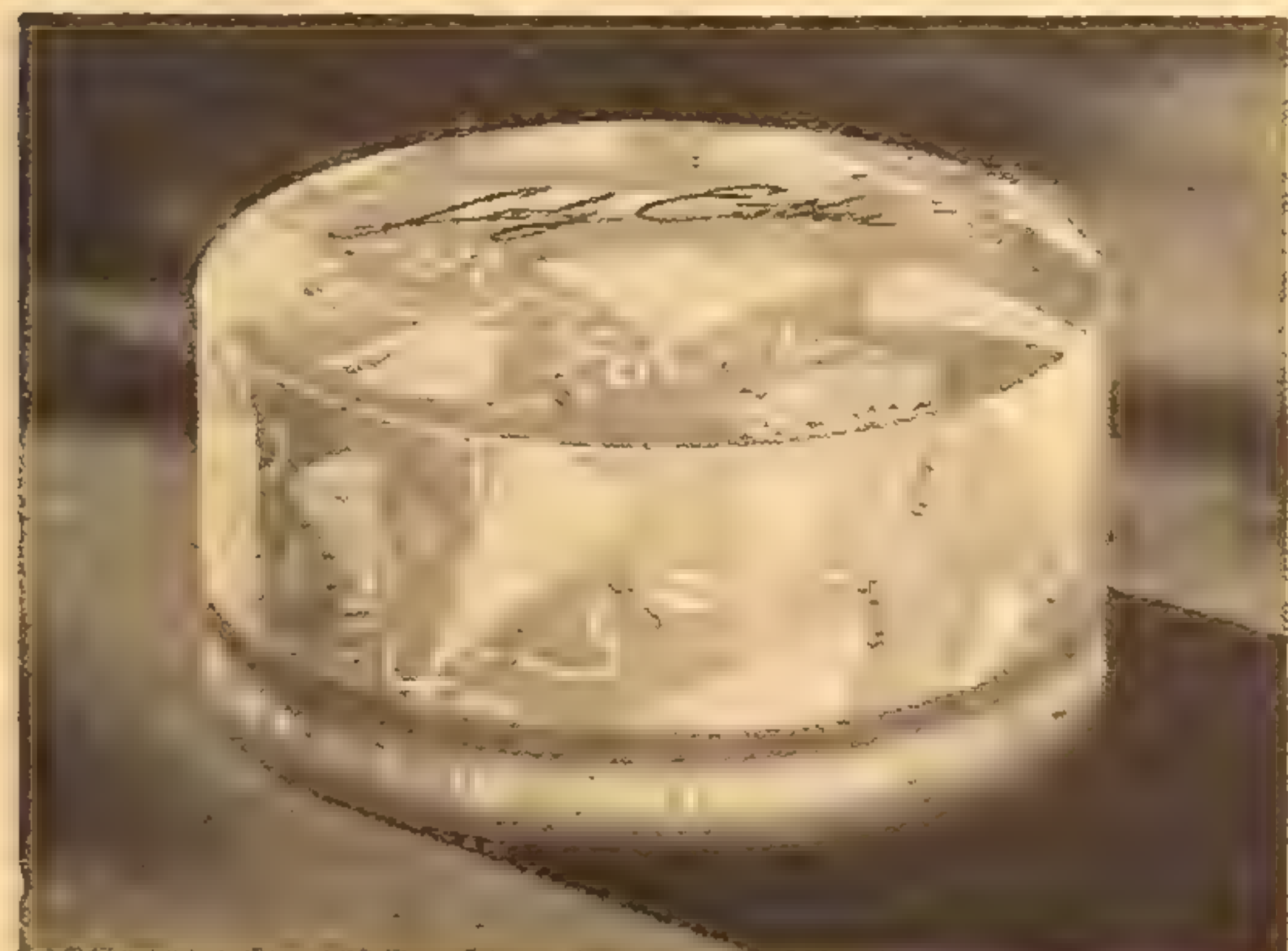
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(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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Please send me **FREE AND POSTPAID** your
9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of
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FLASH!

Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces **ORSON WELLES** in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.

"But I'm going crazy!" Jonathan protested. "The bishop thinks I'm playing around, Gloria is furious, and that girl is upstairs with the necklace."

"It's perfectly all right," Harvey bridled in a way which showed Jonathan beyond any doubt at all that the girl was twining the doctor around her finger, just the way she had old Reynolds. "It's back in the safe and you're *not* going up there."

Jonathan started to say something, then stopped as his father's laugh drifted down to him. It was amazing how close it came to being that old remembered boisterous boom. If the girl meant that much to him he'd just have to wait until she got his father really well again.

Anne should have hung out her own shingle, that's how good she was. Why, she was being a better M. D. than Harvey, simply by helping old Reynolds disobey his orders. It seemed awful to her that Reynolds should be refused a cigar when he wanted one so badly and so she sneaked down to the library and got one out of his humidor. "Remember, only ten puffs," she said, looking at him anxiously, even though he did seem to improve right after that first long, luxurious pull. "That's eight!"

"No, it was seven." Old Reynolds winked at her. "But if you think I'm wrong, I'll start all over again."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Anne chuckled. "We agreed on ten puffs and that's all you're going to get."

"Are you calling me a liar for one puff?" Reynolds demanded as she took the cigar away. He was plainly sulking as he turned away from her and began reading some of the messages the butler had just left with him. And then Anne felt as if she had been sent spinning through space as he mentioned the name signed to one.

"Stokowski!" she repeated in a hushed voice. "He's a friend of yours?"

"Oh, I know him," Reynolds said testily. "But we don't agree on Brahms."

"You mean you *talk* to him?" Anne persisted in that same awed way.

"Not about Brahms!" Reynolds said with a note of finality. "He comes here when he's in town."

"I'd love to meet him the next time he comes," Anne rushed on breathlessly. "I've studied music. I—I might even sing for him."

"For Stokowski?" Reynolds grinned and shook his head. "Oh, no. I know all about you society girls with time on your hands who study music. Why don't you pick on somebody else? Stokowski comes here for pleasure!"

"But I'm good," Anne insisted. "It *will* be a pleasure." And then as he shook his head again, "Do you want me to prove it?"

She went out of the room before he could answer, running down the stairs to the piano in the drawing room. But it should be nearer to the door so Reynolds could hear better and Anne looked appealingly at the two men from the museum, still waiting like the ravens in the hall outside. "Can you boys give me a hand in here?" she asked and, of course, with her smiling that way, they had to help her, though they plainly thought that she was as crazy as everyone else seemed to be in this utterly fantastic household.

Then Anne began to sing and even the ravens forgot to look doleful and woe-begone, as befitted their macabre calling and nodded approvingly at each other, and the doctor was tempted in too and then suddenly from upstairs came a suspicious thumping and there on the threshold stood Reynolds himself. "Beautiful, beautiful," he said smilingly. Then he saw the ravens and stiffened as he turned to Harvey. "Brought your own undertakers, eh?" he

demanded. "Well, get 'em out of here! Send 'em back to the morgue!"

They might just as well go, for Reynolds certainly was no longer in the market for a death mask. That afternoon he was downstairs fully dressed and demanding steaks. "I been tampered with!" he told Anne, looking ruefully down on his clothes that hung around him in folds. "Used to have the finest waistline in town, the biggest anyhow. I've been robbed. I'll show 'em they can't do this to me. It's incredible." And he glowered as he went over to the humidor and bit off the end of a cigar, which he unsuccessfully tried to hide as young Jonathan came in.

"What a girl!" Reynolds said, nodding toward Anne and hoping she would take Jonathan's attention away from the cigar. "I've never seen anyone so excited in my life just because I'm giving her a party Saturday night. She wants to meet a few of my musical friends."

"A party! Saturday night!" Jonathan faltered. He looked at Anne appalled, for he had just promised Gloria that he would have her and her mother there that evening for dinner to meet his father. It had been Gloria's idea that once his father had seen her and, of course, fallen for her charm, telling him the truth would only be a welcome surprise. But now Anne had spoiled all that.

There was only one thing to do. Stop the whole farce right away. His father was well now and he could pretend that he and Anne had quarrelled and then when she was safely out of the house, he could go on with his own plans of having his father meet Gloria. But he felt like a worm when Anne agreed to the scheme.

She ought to be a good sport about it, Anne thought, blinking back her tears. The whole thing had been too fantastic, right from the beginning. But it was hard, having had all this and then seeing it vanish, *pouff*, just like that: Jonathan, and even now she had to admit saying good-bye to him would be one of the hardest things she had ever been called upon to do, and old Reynolds, whom she adored, and Stokowski and the party and everything.

The party! She stiffened at that. It wasn't only a party. It was her whole future. Why, she'd be nothing but a mouse if she let the plans for her whole life go to smash just because Jonathan was having a few uncomfortable moments. She took a deep breath and then she went into the room where Jonathan was telling his father the sad story of their quarrel.

"Darling," she said, running to Jonathan with outstretched arms and feeling like a heel, even though she had promised herself that after she met Stokowski and he had become interested in her voice she would really quarrel with her supposed fiancée and leave the field open to the other girl. "Please forgive me. It was all my fault." She looked away from Jonathan's flabbergasted face to his father and sighed. "I picked a quarrel with him and he acted like a lamb."

Reynolds grinned and realized what a fool he was to have been so upset about a mere lovers' quarrel. Why, the kids would have millions of them before they were through. "Now you two go on," he beamed. "Don't you know why lovers quarrel? For the sake of kissing and making up."

It made him feel better just looking at them, the young idiots, and when they left he paced restlessly around the room. It seemed so huge that room since his illness, as if it had gotten even bigger all the time he had been shrinking. He didn't like being alone in it any more. Well, why should he be alone in it anyway, with these youngsters in the house? They'd had plenty of time now to complete their reconciliation. And they were young too. They

had plenty of time to be together. But he didn't, and he wanted to spend every minute he could with them and that contagious happiness of theirs.

But as he went in search of them he heard their voices raised to a high quarrelling pitch and then he knew this wasn't any lovers' flare-up. For he had heard enough of their recriminations to realize the truth. Impulsively he started to open the closed door that separated them, then he laughed grimly as he went away. Three could play the little game of deception as well as two. He wouldn't let them know that he knew. Not until after the party anyway.

It was incredible the way he felt about Anne, just as if she were really the daughter he had always wanted. And there was so little time to enjoy her now, so very little time. He had to cram so much into that time, all the things he had wanted to do for her, having her meet his friends in the musical world, friends who could be so helpful to a girl who wanted to be a singer. Having fun too, discovering that night clubs could be dazzling and magical and not at all boring to a wide-eyed youngster who'd never set foot in them before. Oh, it was wonderful being with Anne, borrowing of her youth so that he felt almost as young as she was, laughing with her. He couldn't let her go now.

Tears were waiting there just behind his eyes when he heard Anne singing for Stokowski when the night of the party arrived at last. But it wasn't only for Stokowski she was singing, it was for Jonathan too. Maybe *only* for Jonathan, for her eyes looked so young and lost and vulnerable as she looked from him to the cool dark girl sitting beside him, her hand lying so possessively on his sleeve.

Even if there had never been an Anne, Reynolds would not have wanted that other girl for his son's wife. She was everything he had been afraid she would be, vain and self-centered and cold, and his heart was heavy as he stood at the great door bidding his guests goodnight. Then he saw Jonathan coming toward him and suddenly he was afraid as he saw the purpose in his son's eyes. He was coming to tell him about Gloria now. There could be no more make-believe, no more clinging to Anne then. Jonathan was coming to tell him, and there was nothing he could do about it.

But wasn't there? Oh, yes, there was! Reynolds smiled slyly as he remembered how everybody had scurried around, doing only the things that would make him happy when he had been so ill. Well, what was the sense of having gone through all that if he couldn't use it now? He knew how a sudden pain in the heart would make a man clutch at it and how he would stagger. Reynolds clutched at his heart and when he saw Jonathan and Anne running to him, he had to bite back his triumphant laugh. He had been wasting time, he could have played *Hamlet*, after this performance he was putting on with no rehearsals or coaching at all.

This stage of it was easier, lying there with closed eyes, apparently unconscious, listening to their concern as they whispered his name. "Anne," young Jonathan said then, and his voice was different. Everything was different, for he was telling her what a fool he had been not to have realized before what she meant to him. "Anne," he said and the boy's voice made it sound as if it were all heaven as it was all earth.

Reynolds cautiously opened one eye and then he opened the other one and smiled his blessings. And all the little lost stars came back to Anne's eyes, as with Jonathan's arms around her, she leaned down and pressed her smooth young cheek against Reynolds' triumphant grin.

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Colman!—Frustrated Caruso

Continued from page 51

on an unemployed 2 x 4 carton box.

He says that if he has any prime frustration it is his failure to become an operatic tenor. Not that he even owns the raw material for a tenor. His singing voice is strictly optimistic baritone, "and a cut or so beneath fair, at that," he admits, grinning. However, in the privacy of the bath he turns on the shower full tilt, then tries out Martinelli-Caruso effects, bouncing some high notes off the resonant tiles. Last Christmas a sympathetic friend gave him a shower curtain on which were inscribed some of the more useful dunking ditties. Unhappily enough, the Colman shower is equipped with a glass door across which a couple of sand-blasted flamingoes wander, so the shower curtain could serve no functional purpose. But never let it be said that a Colman is without resource; he split it in half, had it hung at the windows and now he takes a quick look at his score before getting into the shower. He considers this contrivance a great boon to soloists in the suds.

We tell you all this, as preface, to dispel the lurking suspicion that Mr. Colman is too dignified for anything. "I don't know where the rumor started," he says in despair. "The first inkling I had of my bad reputation was the approach of interviewers on tiptoe, and the addressing of questions in asthmatic undertones. Made me deuced uncomfortable, you know."

An interviewer's awe in the presence of Mr. Colman is only natural. After all, here is a man who has participated fully in the three thematic human movements

of the twentieth century; for the last forty years, mankind has been busy with the violence of war, with traipsing curiously up and down the earth between wars, and with amusing itself by perfecting gadgets, among them the motion picture and radio.

As for war, Ronald Colman was wounded at Ypres when he was one of Kitchener's "Contemptibles." (Incidental question: "Why were those troops called 'Contemptibles,' Mr. Colman?" Prompt reply: "Britain was facing Germany's two million-man army with about five hundred thousand troops. A German commander sarcastically demanded to know what Kitchener intended to do with this contemptible little army. You know the English sense of humor. It delights to take a high-flown phrase and make it a ridiculous by-word for the benefit of history.") To repeat, he suffered a cracked ankle at Ypres in World War I. In the present conflict, he is again serving the British Empire with all his soul and with every means at his command.

As for roaming around over the earth—name the place and Mr. Colman has been there. He has even visited some places that actually don't exist, like Shangri-La. By the way, one of those persons is never content unless he is conducting a poll, discovered recently that alt "Lost Horizon" was made over five ago, every single person polled remembered it as the most inspiring picture seen, and considered Ronald Colman's as *Hugh Conway* one of the finest characterizations of his career. Oddly Mr. Colman's favorite rôle to date

of Sydney Carton in "A Tale Of Two Cities." He did a great job in it.

Anent his travels, Mr. Colman says that, to him, the most fascinating street he has ever seen is Prince's Street in Edinburgh. On one side there are exclusive shops offering the finest of the world's merchandise for sale, and on the other there is a small park, and above it—rising sheerly like the forehead of a giant—is a cliff. On top of the cliff is Edinburgh Castle. This is comparable to the south side of Wilshire Boulevard facing the Santa Monica Palisades, or Fifth Avenue staring into the ramparts of the upper Hudson.

Speaking of New York, Mr. Colman arrived in that port with a total inventory of fifty-seven dollars, one small suitcase, and two letters of introduction. The fifty-seven dollars melted like a gallon of ice cream standing beside Marlene Dietrich, and the letters of introduction were received cordially by the addressees and placed in File 13. The situation had got out of hand when one of Mr. Colman's friends, a chap who lived in Brooklyn, said, "Come stay with me until you hit pay dirt." The earnest Englishman leaped at the chance, thereby getting into a bad habit. I . . . leaped . . .

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gets, the preoccupation of our age, he has done very well in that department too. Take the silent motion picture—but don't take it far. Mr. Colman started his wordless work in an epic called "The White Sister" with Lillian Gish. "In those days," he recalls, "I was a specialist in the wistful or kiss-through-the-window-pane school of drama. We drooped from one scene to the next."

Then, in 1926, pictures came out of the droopy stupor and began to make noises that sounded like Al Jolson singing "Ma-aaa-my." Mr. Colman couldn't sing (see paragraph 6), but he has a speaking voice that you could spread on hot biscuit and devour, so he had no trouble going vocal.

He still gets an occasional fan letter about "Arrowsmith" in which he was starred with Helen Hayes, and about "Beau Geste" in which Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Noah Beery and Bill Powell also appeared.

So much for the public persuasion of Mr. Colman's charm. The real test of any celebrity is his ability to impress his cook, the mechanic at his garage, or the technicians on his lot. And to prove that

Mr. Colman has also earned his A in this department, there is an incident that happened while he was making "My Life With Caroline" at RKO.

Mr. Colman was ordinarily among the first persons to report on the set in the morning, and among the last to leave at night. He feels about work as the farmer feels about a good cow: he doesn't love it, but it does right by him. This particular morning the company had to wait ten minutes for Mr. Colman to appear. Now Colman was the star. He could have strode in, scowling, to give the impression that he had been in the producer's office discussing weighty matters. Or he could have just plain strode in without an excuse.

Take note, then, of the actual manner of Mr. Colman's arrival. He came in on tiptoe, his shoulders hunched and his complexion showing faintly pink, even through the heavy makeup. "I say," he murmured, swallowing hard, "I'm awfully sorry to have kept everyone waiting. I lost count of time a bit this morning—traffic was heavy—I do beg pardon of everyone here."

Now you know why technicians say, "Colman? Sure, he's a swell guy."



Because Canada is our very good friend and neighbor, this gathering of Joseph W. G. Clark, director of public relations, army and air, for the Canadian National Defense; Flight-Lieutenant Cathcart Jones, and Hal B. Wallis, Warner executive producer, is of interest. Plans for the filming of "Captain of the Clouds," with the Royal Canadian Air Force, is the main topic of conversation.

What's Cooking? "Navy Blues," Of Course!

Continued from page 30

girl friend in the hula club a rowdy girl, the Martha Raye type."

Well, who do you think they got for Sheridan's sidekick? Why, Martha Raye! You have no idea how extraordinary *that* is! Not that Martha's so hard to get, but usually when a writer puts "the Martha Raye type" in his script he gets a bit of lace like Frances Dee. That's the way they do it in Hollywood. That's why writers die young. Well, Miss Raye, who has been off the screen for several years, arrived at Warner Brothers, where she had never worked before, resembling nothing so much as a mouse with an inferiority complex. She barely spoke above a whisper, and was completely awed by everyone. But it didn't last long. When she settled down for lunch in the Green Room that first day she looked around and saw Marlene Dietrich, George Raft ("Man Power"), Fred Murray ("Dive Bomber"), and Gary ("Sergeant York"), all the old rom Paramount where Martha was under contract.

Martha," called Gary from a table, "looks like the old Parays, doesn't it?"

"I," shouted Martha, promptly losing dignity, "Paramount before La-

That afternoon she and Ann Sheridan met for the first time. They liked each other immediately. "This is supposed to be my comeback picture," said Ann, with a shrug. "But what chance have I got with you and those comedians? I'll have to do a strip tease to steal a scene."

"You haven't got a thing to worry about, kid," said Martha reassuringly. "No audience in the world ever stopped to listen when they could look. In that bathing suit, sister, you'll do all right."

Since this meeting Martha and Ann have become inseparable. Ann likes to laugh. After the first day's work she told the wardrobe girl, "I haven't had so much fun on a set in all my life. I'll play straight for Martha Raye seven days a week—and love it." As a matter of fact Martha has but to open her mouth and Ann goes off into gales of laughter. And the other day when Ann heard Martha say, quite casually, between "takes,"—"I'm so nervous, I don't know whether to drink a coca-cola or neck with a chorus boy," she went into such wonderful convulsions that it was ages before she could straighten her face long enough to do a love scene. When Martha married Neal Lang, hotel man, a few days after the picture went into production (when she told Director Lloyd Bacon that

she was getting married that week-end, he said, "All right. Remember, be back on the set Monday morning at 8 o'clock." "But what about my honeymoon?" asked Martha. "Okay," said Director Bacon, "make it 8:30."—she invited Ann and George Brent to fly with them to Las Vegas, Nevada, for the ceremony. George was working in "International Lady" over at the Small studio and couldn't get away—but that didn't hold Ann back. "I haven't had so much fun in years," she reported when she returned to the studio after Martha's honeymoon dinner at Slapsie Maxie's in Hollywood. "Martha's a million laughs."

Ann isn't the only person on the set who thinks Martha Raye is the funniest person alive. One of her most ardent fans has become, of all people, Director Lloyd Bacon, who, I may say frankly, is slightly on the gloomy side. Or was, pre-Raye. Lloyd Bacon has been seventeen years on the Warner lot, and has made more than a hundred pictures, with a goodly percentage of the stars in the business. He takes his work very seriously, and his sets are not exactly playgrounds. The players and the company call him Mr. Bacon, and when he is on the set everything is quiet and dignified. That was before "Navy Blues."

The second day of production Mr. Bacon was sitting grimly in his chair on the set running over the next scene in his mind when suddenly Miss Raye appeared before him. "Now listen, Mona," she said, "when are we going to act? I take my career very seriously. Now you get busy. I want to act." There were a few tense seconds—and then Bacon threw back his head and roared. With the ice broken, he has now become one of the gayest directors on the lot—though you may rest assured that no one calls big, mannish Mr. Bacon "Mona" except Martha.

Miss Raye had one more reserve to break down, and that she did, a few days later. Hal Wallis, executive producer at Warner Brothers, is what we might call the "boss" of "Navy Blues." And, of course, you're supposed to be working busily and quietly when Mr. Wallis comes around on his infrequent checking-up tours. "When Mr. Wallis visits the set," everybody took time out to tell Martha, "lay off the kidding. He hasn't a sense of humor. Look like you're working hard and keep quiet until he leaves. Or else you'll get into trouble." So Martha could hardly wait for Mr. Wallis to visit the set. The day he dropped in unexpectedly (but the news went around so quickly that in a split second you could hear a pin drop) Martha was doing the scene where she is dancing and singing on the bar of her Hawaiian night club and gets caught in the electric fan. She had just been caught in the fan when she heard the deathlike silence and knew that Mr. Wallis had arrived. Out of the great silence screamed Martha, "Is that really Mr. Wallis on the set? The Mr. Wallis we've been expecting? Yoo Hoo!" Mr. Wallis broke up completely. Seems that he is now looking for another picture for Martha Raye.

One day Jack Oakie said to Martha, "The trouble with you, Martha, is that you've got too much of everything."

"Yeah, ain't it awful," said Martha. "They call me Mouth-a Raye. It's murder, kid, it's murder." It's-murder-kid-it's-murder is Martha's pet expression now, taking the place of last season's "Oh, Boy." A swell gal, that Martha. Ann, the three Jacks, the "Beauties" (Martha nicknamed them that), the technicians, the hairdressers, the make-up men—they all swear by her. Being around her you forget the sorrows of the world for awhile. You forget everything, you're so busy laughing. What Hollywood needs is more Martha Rayes.

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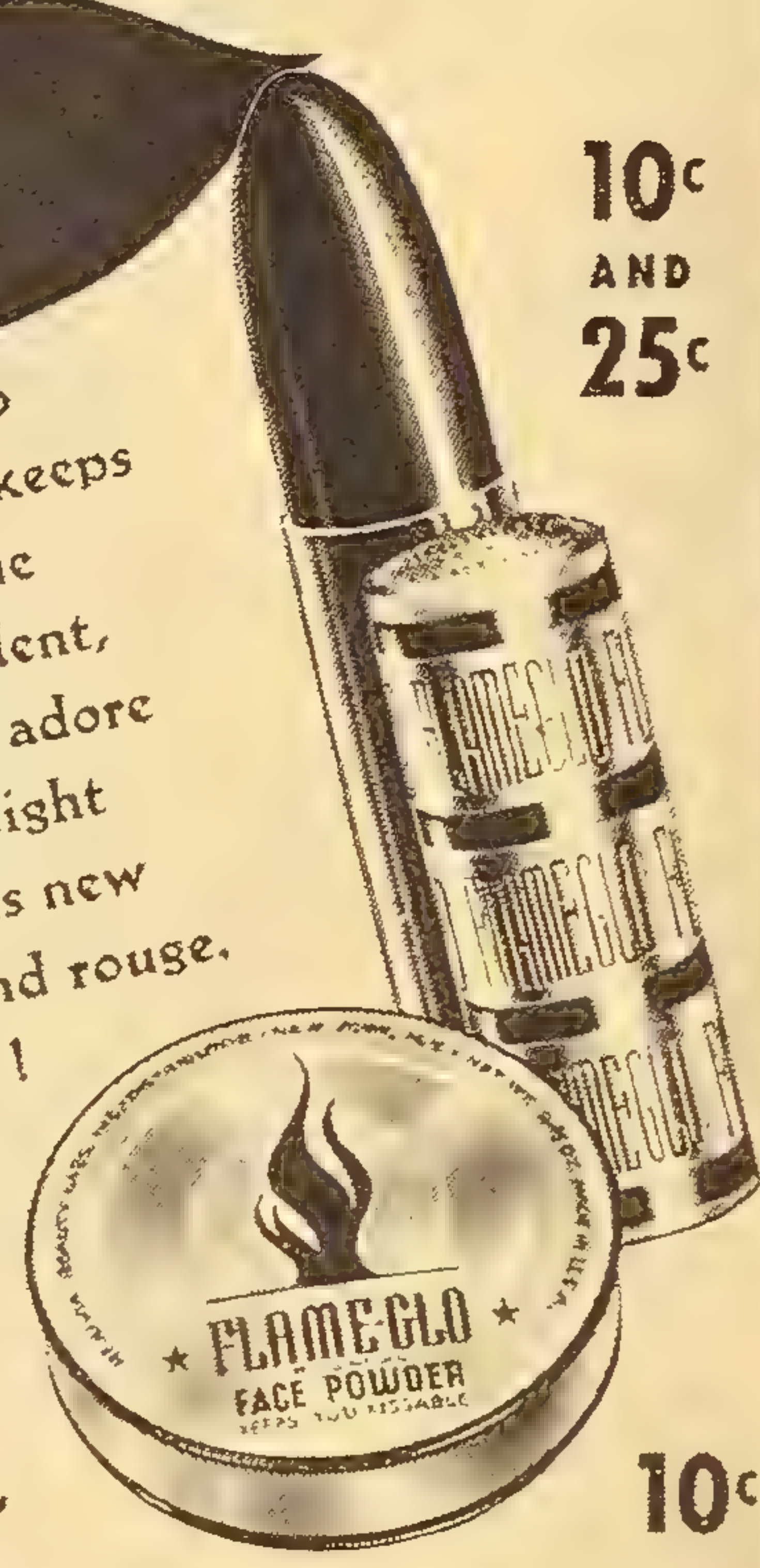
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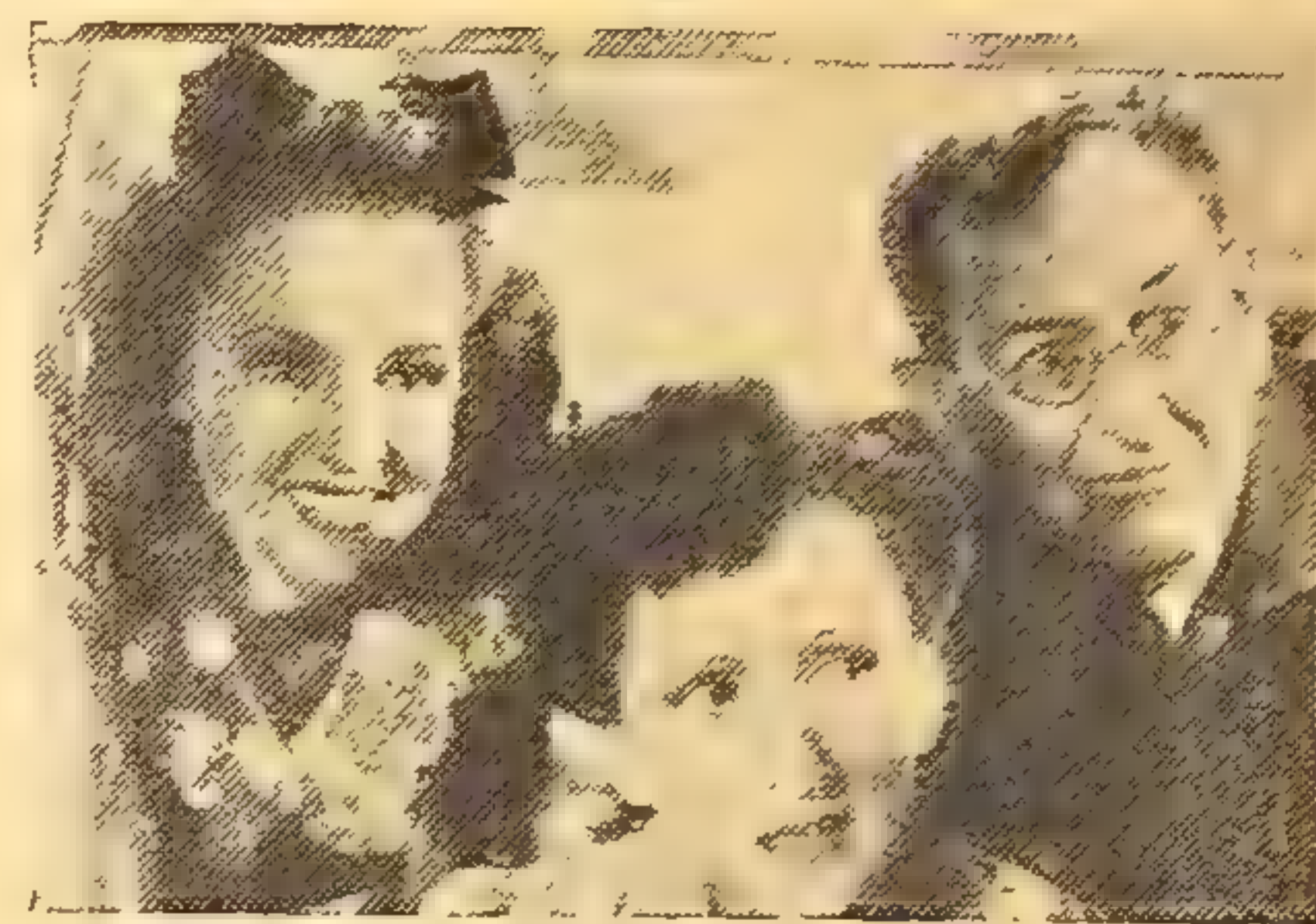
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Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 10



Mountain Moonlight—Republic

'Twould seem a lot of poor folks, via the screen, are inheriting oodles of money these days. But the story tellers tell us that too much moola, like overeating, is bad for one. The latest in the Weaver Brothers series plays upon this theme, with the U. S. Treasury thrown in for good measure. While thus playing, they manage to inject a song, a few laughs, and a few situations that were meant to be funny but aren't. Betty Jane Rhodes is sweet.



Barnacle Bill—M-G-M

Barnacle Bill (Wallace Beery) had the faculty of out-wrestling his conscience until two women take over and run his fishing and private business for him. Marjorie Main and Virginia Weidler are the women. And what they do to his happy-go-lucky, lazy, hard-drinking, hard-punching existence! They even shanghai him into church! Our only unfriendly comment is that too many incidents are repetitious. Spotted with laughs.



Puddin' Head—Republic

Like gags mixed with a little corn? Judy Canova? Eddie Foy, Jr.? Hill-billy songs? Silly nonsense? You do? Good! Then see "Puddin' Head" which is a conglomeration of the above. There's Slim Summerville, not exactly a glamor boy, accompanying his niece, Judy, to New York where they inherit property worth plenty. Judy meets up with royalty in the impoverished person of Francis Lederer who conveniently "loves" her.

Making Good As A Mother!

Continued from page 33

subject because I was the youngest of three girls in our family and I know what it means to a child to be constantly trying to keep up with her older sisters. At the age when my sisters, Constance and Barbara, were active and boisterous, my little legs were too short to catch up. By the time I was at the teeth-brace stage, they were at their prettiest.

So I repeat, do not, in justice to each of your daughters, try to force an involuntary companionship. Patsy may pay for it with an inferiority complex. Joan's feeling of discontent may stem from a resentment at playing nursemaid. Instead, try to arrange that each of your children has playmates of her own age. Patsy will be less inclined to mimic Joan's naughtiness because she will take her examples from her own age group. Joan, in turn, will develop a protective manner toward Patsy if she is allowed to seek her out naturally.

The banishment tactic—in a slightly different form—should also solve the problem you experience about the children wishing to return home immediately whenever you take them visiting. I shouldn't take them home and thus spoil my own visit. Instead, I would tell them firmly that I wouldn't take them visiting again until they were "grown up" enough to act like ladies. This should be especially effective with Joan who is, as we mentioned before, already fancying herself a woman. Then I would hold to my promise not to take them again. Nothing is worse for discipline than failure to carry out a threat made in an attempt at better training. I believe in being as meticulous about carrying out promised punishment as about rewards. Parental dependability in all things is the child's strongest bulwark against the world.

Your problem with Patsy about picking at her food is one of real moment—because it might be an indication that the child is under par physically. I had that experience with one of my daughters and I thought at first that she was just being naughty. However, it developed that she needed something to stimulate her appetite. After our physician had prescribed a harmless dietetical aid for the condition, I had no more trouble with her. But—had it developed that she was being naughty, just for the sake of being naughty, I would have given her just so much time to eat a meal. At the end of that time, any food which remained would have been saved until the next meal, and she would have been given that to eat first. I am confident that having to eat the remainder of breakfast before a nice hot tempting lunch were put before her would have soon brought her around.

This solution, of course, is still another version of the banishment technique—in reverse, in this instance. Any youngster likes to feel that she is playing her regular rôle in the family life. She likes to feel that she is definitely part of the group. To be singled out for any punishment is decidedly painful and embarrassing—and she will soon get over her little anti-social quirks. If she doesn't, then it is time to let the doctor take a hand. The healthy child is co-operative, once she learns that naughtiness doesn't pay.

I have become very interested in you, Mrs. Synder, and your children. I wish you the greatest success with them. I know you'll have it.

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Citizen Cotten Raises Kane Going to Town!

Continued from page 34

polo ponies try hard to keep movie gentry from falling off them. But not this actor. If he took a spill, it wouldn't be from anything higher than a poolside seat.

"Wouldn't you rather sit outside?" he wanted to know, and I knew he would.

As we skirted the swimming pool, we came upon Citizeness Cotten writing a book in a bathing suit, nice writing if you can get it. Formerly on the editorial staff of *Harper's Bazaar*, she still was beautiful enough to be on its front cover. Once, just to be obliging, she had been an actress for two weeks in Boston. But she preferred being a mother. So it was that, up there in the house, her small daughter was having an afternoon nap. It's a stranger-than-fiction fact that when Lenore Kip went with Joseph Cotten from Boston to Nashua, N. H., to have the knot tied, the trusting pair staged an elopement all but identical with a situation in "Lydia." Once arrived, they were dismayed to find themselves without benefit of clergy. Having forgotten about New Hampshire's three-day marriage law, as he later explained, the expected minister had failed to materialize. So there was nothing to do but wait two days for the ceremony to be performed, as Citizeness Cotten now gaily related.

Her duly proud husband, with the talk turning on New York and his eye roving about the hedged garden, made the proud boast that once he had grown a hedge six inches long (not high) in Waverley Place. But it wasn't at all easy to get him to talk of his own amazingly sudden growth as an actor.

"It really isn't sudden," he presently brought himself to say. "I've acted over a period of eleven years. It has been a slow, if perhaps steady, progress. 'Citizen Kane' just happened to give it the jump, that's all. I'd no idea the picture would turn out to be such a sensation."

Born in Petersburg, Va., he was only seventeen when he headed down to Miami. There he gave promise of developing those qualities which one day were to measure up to the big simplicities. While soliciting advertising for a newspaper, among other things, he all the time had his eye on the little theater of that resort. It wasn't long before he, like Jimmy Stewart at Falmouth, Mass., was sweeping out the place, posting bills, taking tickets, and tackling small parts. There was no waning of enthusiasm as the handy-man routine kept up for five years. But when the Floridian drama was annually overcome by the heat, the stage-struck youth would hie himself to New York with the little money he had been able to scrape together and, while squeezing into hall bedrooms and swelling out with canned beans, hunt for a Broadway job of acting.

"But the nearest I got to one in four years," he grinned, "was practicing on a mouth-organ for 'When Hell Froze.' The part I was after called for playing the 'Chocolate Soldier' waltz on the harmonica. But, somehow, all I could play was the hoocha-coocha, and when I blew that out they gave me the air."

It was not until his fifth seeking of a metropolitan foothold that our young adventurer got his toe in the door. And, then, whose should it be but the magic portal of David Belasco! At first, Florida's gift to Broadway never suspected he was being drawn like a red herring by the White Fox of the theater across his own distinguished trail.

"I'd been given a letter to Belasco, just as I had to other producers, but you

know what letters are," began the best story of its kind that ever had come my way. "When I went to his theater with it, the great man was sitting in an orchestra chair watching a costume parade of 'Dancing Partners.' Without even glancing at the letter, he asked me what I'd done in Miami, and I told him I'd played small parts and helped to manage the stage. 'You're engaged,' he instantly said. I nearly fainted. 'You will understudy Lynne Overman and be assistant stage manager,' he informed me. 'Sit right down.' I almost fell down. With me beside him, Belasco again turned his attention to the stage. His art director was marching members of the cast across it for the Guv'nor's inspection. Suddenly Belasco halted them with, 'Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Cotten thinks that red hat should be green, don't you, Mr. Cotten?' 'W-why, y-yes,' I stammered. The people on the stage stared blankly over the footlights, obviously wondering who in the world, or the place below, this Cotten person could possibly be. The procession had no sooner started again than Belasco called, 'Stop! Mr. Cotten is sure those brown shoes ought to be black, aren't you, Mr. Cotten?' 'Oh yes, yes,' I promptly replied. For by this time I realized why I'd been hired on the spot—simply because Belasco didn't want to put himself on the spot. Instead of his hurting the feelings of all those people, he was having me do it. I could see myself being murdered one dark night but I was ready to die for that job."

He did give a year or more of it. "But without once walking out on the stage as an actor," he was sorry to say. "I never got the chance to substitute for Overman, who throughout the run of the play was fairly vulgar with health. Yet I was having the great advantage of a Belasco training. Later he gave me the opportunity to understudy Melvyn Douglas in 'Tonight or Never.' That added experience stood me in good stead when I went to the Copley Theater in Boston as leading man, for the first play in which I was cast happened to be 'Tonight or Never,' and I knew it backwards. Another happy circumstance was that Helen Gahan played the part she had created in the Belasco production. Afterward I was in other eastern stock companies for several seasons. And all that," he summed up, "led to absolutely nothing. I felt life was over. Then I met Orson Welles on a radio broadcast, and everything changed. Going into his company in New York, I was with him when he organized the Mercury Players. For that matter, I've been in more of Orson's plays than he himself has, eight in all."

I had heard so many opinions of the fabulous Welles, both before and after "Citizen Kane," that here seemed to be the opportunity to get the true one, so I bluntly asked, "What's he like?"

"He is a great creator and a great inspiration," was the answer. "And, with all his gifts, he is absolutely honest. This talk of his being a fake and a phoney and a charlatan is just a lot of rot. No one who knows him well dislikes him. Far from it, they admire him tremendously. On everyone who works with him Welles exerts a serious and critical kind of influence. My start I owe to Belasco—that Florida attempt was merely amateurish—but I learned more from Orson Welles than I had in all my other time in the theater. No one could help learning a great deal from him. Tireless in giving out what

is in him, the man's a human dynamo. There's no limit to his ideas. He's so intense and impulsive that you never know what he is going to do next, but I am firmly convinced he will do still greater things in pictures. When I left him to go with Katharine Hepburn in the stage production of 'The Philadelphia Story,' it was generally believed I was running into still more temperament. But I want to say that Katharine Hepburn is the most un-temperamental actress I have ever known. Most of the time she was running around cooling others off. Of course, she is highly individual and has her own way of doing things. For example, she was so nervous about her New York opening that instead of going to her home there on coming in off the road she went to the Waldorf-Astoria, shut herself up in a room and told herself, 'This is Indianapolis.' Now, that took some doing, as well as a lot of imagination. On the stage she was as generous as anyone possibly could be. Her generosity stood the test of the sixty towns we toured. What's more, it wasn't confined to her company. If one of us complained, 'We had a poor audience tonight,' she would reply, 'Instead of our having a poor audience, we probably gave a poor performance.' She was forever trying to improve her own acting, even up to the very last night of the tour. From Katharine Hepburn I learned the value of everlasting striving, from Orson Welles the benefit of boundless enthusiasm."

Granting as much, I could only conclude that Citizen Cotten had made a good job of it. "Oh," was his casual remark. "I never was afraid of not getting along. I knew darned near what I wanted to do when I was fifteen, and felt that if I worked and slugged away I *would* get along. But don't imagine for a moment that I always managed to keep in that comfortable frame of mind. Not by a long shot! An opening night on the stage was the worst experience of all. Every time I faced it I resolved to give up the stage. Pictures? No, they didn't scare me, anyway at first. I wasn't at all nervous about 'Citizen Kane.' It simply meant that I was going to be working with old friends. And though 'Kane' has helped me most, done more for me than anything else, I wasn't staking anything on a Hollywood venture. But I was nervous at the prospect of working with strangers in 'Lydia.' In fact, I worried myself sick about it for five weeks in New York. It was a good thing for me to have done, because when I got here for that picture I was so worn out from worrying that I couldn't worry any more."

When it was assumed, if only for the presence of Merle Oberon, that "Lydia" had offered him a more romantic part than that of the comparative anchorite he had played in "Citizen Kane," he agreed: "Oh, quite! He's a young doctor, and very romantic. Not that I should like to keep on playing that, or any other, particular type. So far as preference goes, I like comedy better than anything else, even though a comedy part is hardest of all to play. In pictures, especially the romantic kind, there's always the element of youth to be considered. Movie actors are worshipped, but only when they are young people. The one exception to this rule that I can think of at the moment is Lewis Stone. Certainly, youth and romance are inseparable in the movie world, so both become largely a matter of years. Of course, I don't know how long I'll last here. I'm now really in love with pictures, and I am in Hollywood for a year, and glad of it."

That brought Citizen Cotten up to date and me to my feet. "You're not going to town?" he politely protested.

From his place there was only one individual who could really go to town.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 8



Penny Singleton (Mrs. Bob Sparks) has fun decorating her dinner table for Hallowe'en. The pumpkin centerpiece is filled with nuts, paper pumpkins hang on each chair, and place-cards are the traditional black cats. Top right, Penny relaxing in her favorite corner.



till you see my menu! It would be a hit in Technicolor." The pumpkin centerpiece was filled with nuts, paper pumpkins hung on the back of each chair, favors were witches' cups in orange and black, filled with Hallowe'en candy, and place-cards were black cats.

"I'm serving baked ham with orange slices instead of pineapple. Candied sweet potatoes and yellow Hubbard squash carry out the color scheme. We will begin with *Orange Frost Cocktail*. Sounds interesting, doesn't it? It's actually a scoop of orange sherbet topped with a maraschino cherry and set in cubed fruits—oranges, pineapple and peaches."

You could, if your Hallowe'en night was chilly, serve carrot soup instead and still carry out the correct color, Penny suggested. She adds raw carrot, sliced thin, to her celery and olive relishes. Her salad is *Chicken in Orange Aspic*, and her



Richard Arlen, Eva Gabor and Nils Asther, appearing in "Forced Landing," a Paramount Picture.

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dessert *Pumpkin Tarts with Butterscotch Hard Sauce.*

CHICKEN IN ORANGE ASPIC

Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water in bowl and sprinkle 1 envelope of Knox Gelatine on top of water. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of hot broth and stir until dissolved; then add orange vegetable coloring and mold in slices of chicken. Season highly and chill. Garnish with mint leaves and serve.

PUMPKIN TARTS WITH BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

For the tarts, 1 cup Swansdown flour sifted with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and chop into it with a pastry knife $\frac{1}{3}$ cup Crisco; when the Crisco is well mixed work in slowly enough ice water to make a stiff paste, about 4 tablespoons. Put in refrigerator and chill. Roll out on a floured board, cut and line muffin tins. Crinkle the edge with the fingers and fill with pumpkin mixture.

PUMPKIN MIXTURE

- 2 eggs
- 2 cups mashed pumpkin
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk

Beat the eggs and beat into them the steamed and mashed pumpkin and the other ingredients in turn. Pour into the muffin tins, set in a moderate oven for ten minutes; reduce the heat and bake slowly for twenty-five minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Place in a saucepan 1 cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon Heinz vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and a few grains of salt. Stir and cook until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Beat in a teaspoon Burnett's vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

"If you don't care for Hubbard squash, something different and yet very Halloweenish is Carrot Soufflé," suggested Penny.

CARROT SOUFFLÉ

For six portions melt in a small saucepan $4\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter and beat into it with a wire egg beater 5 tablespoons sifted flour, mixed with a few grains of cayenne pepper. Beat until smooth and gradually add a scant cup of scalded milk and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Beat and cook until thick and smooth. Place over hot water, add 1 cup of cooked and mashed carrots, stir and cook for one minute. Remove from fire and beat in yolks of 5 eggs. Beat until cool. Half an hour before serving beat the mixture well and carefully fold in the

stiffly beaten whites of 5 eggs, pour into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve as soon as removed from the oven.

"Another dessert that we like that's appropriate all through the fall and winter is what we call *Mincemeat Apples*. Our cook makes delicious mincemeat and we enjoyed it so much we thought there should be some other way to use it besides in pie. You feel so guilty about pie when you're in pictures," she sighed. "Anyway, we tried filling baked apples with the stuff, and it's wonderful! You core the apples, fill the centers with mincemeat, put butter, sugar, and cinnamon on top and set in a pan with a little water in it. Baste them once in a while as they bake and cook slowly."

Down in the nursery house, Dorothy will probably bob for apples with her small guests. (Nobody calls Penny's daughter by her correct name; when she was a baby she had so much trouble trying to say it that it came "Deegee" and everyone adopted that nickname. Now, however, the youngster wants to be called "Elsie.")

"Oh, and a drink the children love is KOOL-AID! Have you tried it?" Penny is so enthusiastic about everything. "It comes in different flavors, but Deegee likes cherry best; it's a powder and all you do is add sugar and water and ice. Of course the children like it very sweet."

The guests at "Pennybob" will play gin rummy, Chinese checkers, or bridge, or they'll dance in the playroom, ride horses in the moonlight—if there happens to be a moon—or try various Halloween stunts.

"I'm making 'Go West, Young Lady,'" said Penny. "It's a sort of epic Western and gives me a chance to ride and dance and sing. I'm mad about horses!"

Penny is also "mad" about antiques. The farmhouse is an ideal setting for her "finds." The only trouble is, she sighs, so often she comes across a perfectly adorable something that she simply *must* have, and has to build a room around it!

Her living room has a beamed ceiling, deep-set windows, white bricked walls and huge brick fireplace. Revolutionary muskets from North Carolina hang above the mantel on which pewter mugs are set in an orderly row. Daguerreotypes of the Boss' family hang below the muskets. "That's the classy side of the family," beamed Penny. "Mine's over there—" pointing to the opposite wall where a set of tiny pictures hung above a comfortable chesterfield.

Gleaming copper pots adorn the bricked sides of the fireplace. A grandfather clock ticks somberly beyond. Over each window are rows of Dutch plates. There's an antique spinet and a maple desk. All fruits of Penny's gleanings.

What Carole Landis Demands of Men!

Continued from page 20

and talk I noticed, with more than a slight start of surprise, that the bedroom windows are barred, there are Yale locks on every door, by the bed is a switch for turning on floodlights out of doors! These precautionary measures are understandable enough, the Landis being what she so curvously is, big bad mans being what they so, ah, covetously are—still, going a bit *too* far, perhaps—but:

"The house," Carole was saying, "was formerly owned and occupied by—Edna May Oliver!" The precautionary measures, then, were taken by Edna May, NOT by Carole—if that isn't a black-out for the book, you write one! Indeed, there is

something about La Landis, being La Landis, living in the house of Edna May, being Edna May, that is simply divine in a morbid sort of way!

"I say what I 'demand' of a man, advisedly," Carole was continuing, "because the girls of today do not demand *enough* of men. Not nearly enough. The average girl is too easy-going with men, lets them get away with murder, spoils them rotten! I don't spoil men. I expect *them* to spoil *me*!" (Seems to be successful, this point of view. There is an S.R.O. nightly bidding for dates with Carole). "I couldn't, for instance, love a man without an earning capacity. I couldn't love a man with-

out a job, and—a good one. Oh, no!

"In good, plain English, I demand of a man that he support me *and* in the manner to which I have been accustomed. He *must*—or I couldn't respect him. And I must have respect for the man I love. Not only that but I demand of a man that *he* demand respect from everybody, including me. I demand that he be, definitely, a man I can look up to; a bigger, finer, and stronger human being than I am. For in spite of all the smart, sophisticated things that are said and written about men and women being 'equals,' paying their way fifty-fifty and all that—it's *the bunk!* A man must be superior in practically everything in order to interest or hold me.

"I know all about the idea that you can be so madly in love that nothing else matters, but—IT WILL! For the woman who supports, or helps support a man, the day inevitably comes when she says, or thinks the ugly words, '*I am keeping this man.*' Then you have the woman who is bigger than the man. Then you have revulsion and nausea.

"I not only demand of a man that he support me but also, as I said, *as well as I can support myself.* If a man has a smaller income than mine and I decide in a burst of emotional something-or-other to live in a little house, do without things, in order to live within his income, support his dignity—that won't do, either. Not for long. Because it amounts to the same thing—the woman being bigger than the man. It's a'gin Nature and so, a'gin happiness!

"All this may sound very hard, very cold-boiled and modern," Carole said, "it isn't, really, not at all. It's really old-fashioned and reactionary! What I'm really demanding is a sturdy oak to which, or to whom, I can be a very clinging vine. And I'm not being unkind to men, either, since normal men are happier being sturdy oaks than not.

"I demand that a man be older than I. Fifteen years older, at least. I'm twenty-two, which means that the man for my money must be thirty-seven or eight. When I'm thirty-two, he'll be fifty-seven. How about that, you say? I say, 'Fine about that.' Look at Diana and Bill Powell. I don't know any happier couple in Hollywood. It's because the man has Youth, which all men prize above all else. And the girl has got the man she can look up to, and respect. Which all really feminine women prize above all else. For you can have love, a dime a dozen, but if it isn't topped with respect, it isn't worth the dime.

"I hate Youth, I can't *stand* Youth, I'm sure there are some charming youngsters of my own age, but I haven't gone out with them yet. Besides, girls mature so much more quickly than men. A girl of twenty-two is the equivalent of a man in his thirties. I loathe to go out with stripling lads who, in order to impress, hail waitresses as 'Hulloa, lover.' I loathe driving about in cars all hopped up with spots and things. I despise going 90 miles an hour in order to make a daredevil impression and—mince-meat of yourself. I admit that I *definitely* prefer a man with a good car. A silly old car is very unhappy. And if a man has the qualities I'm so carefully enumerating, he's *got* a good car!

"I demand a sense of humor in any man in my life. Cesar Romero, for example, has a wonderful sense of humor, plus a wonderful quality of humility. He makes fun of his face. Calls himself 'Cow-Face.' He doesn't think he is the Great Adonis, as so many actors do.

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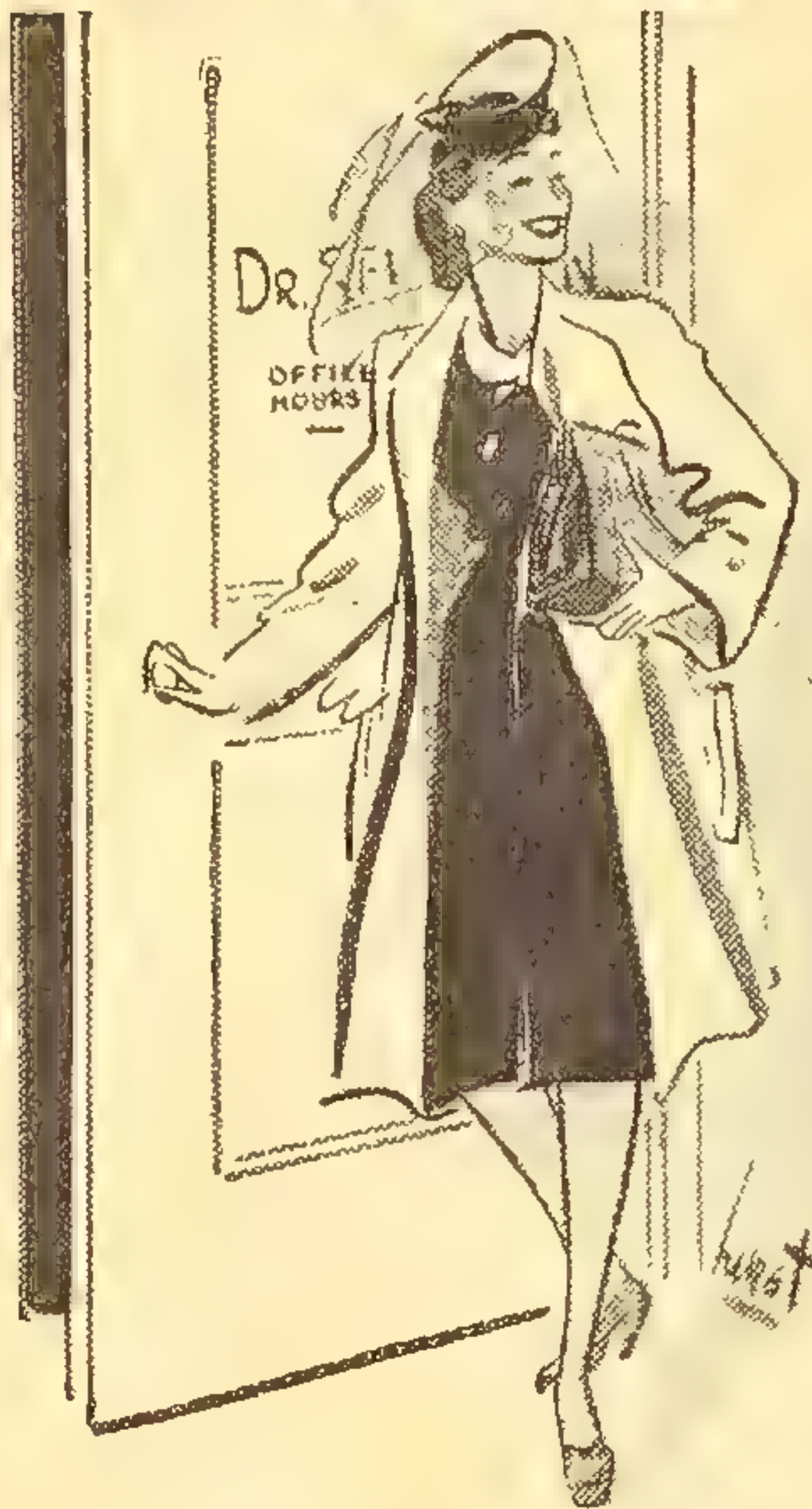


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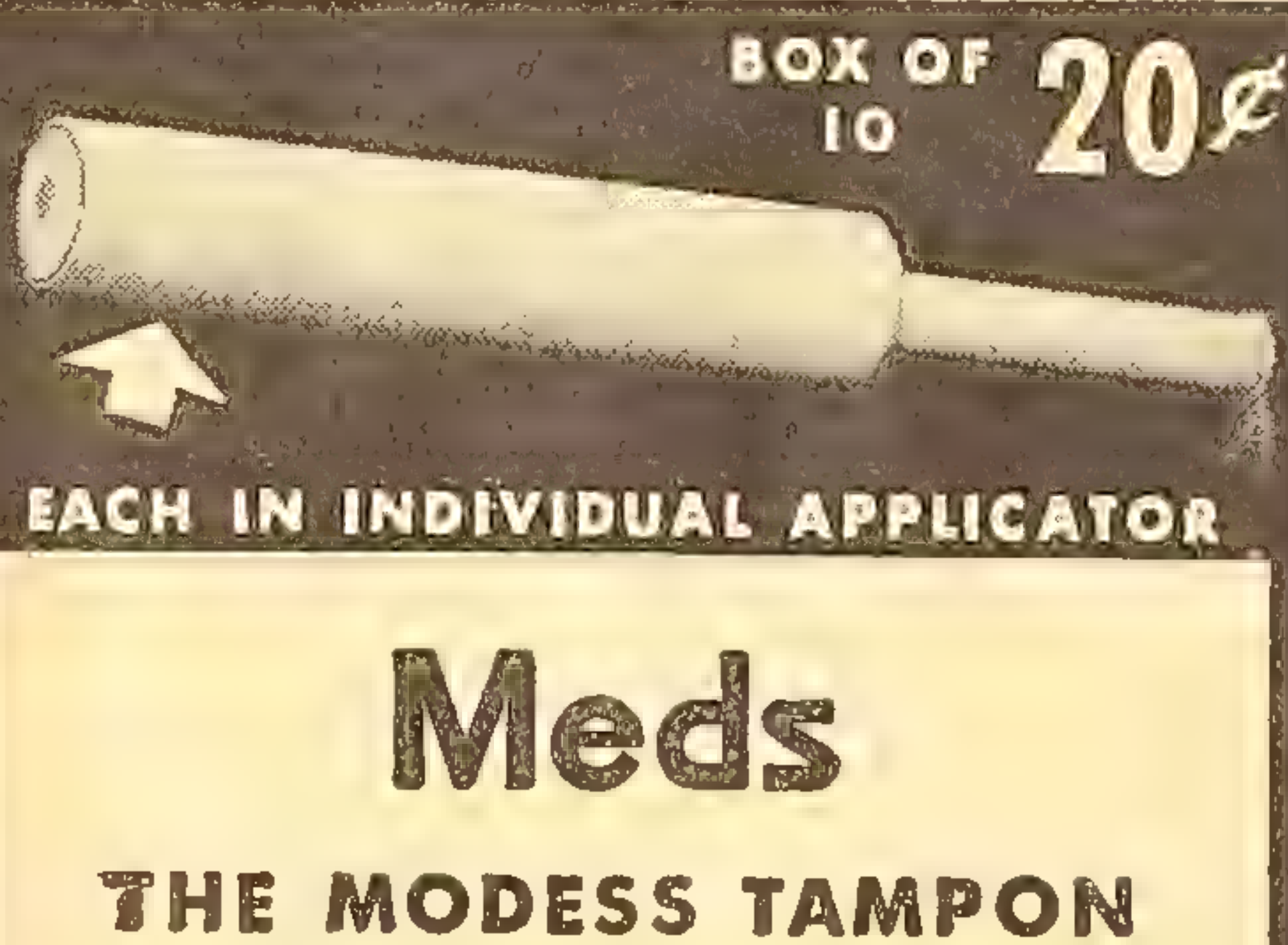
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hand-springs a few months ago over ‘the Change’ in Franchot. Over bars, at parties, on sound stages, over the counter at Schwabs Drugstore, at the races and in print, people wondered, what's happened to Franchot? A dozen different versions were given, including one that set forth that I had changed him. Flattering, but fallacious. The real low-down is that Franchot sat himself down one night in New York, did one of those Rochester-talking-to-himself-in-the-mirror turns. He said to his reflection, ‘You’ve a dull disposition, my boy, let's face it, let's break through and have some fun, let's go back to Hollywood, quit being snooty, laugh and make mad and merry.’ He came back to Hollywood. He broke through. But the point is that he had a sense of humor *about himself*. He had the very rare ability of being able to see himself as others *saw* him. Another nice thing about Franchot, as about Cesar, is that he is always so moderate, so restrained. No ear-marks of The Actor, not an ear-mark. I used to watch him when I first came to Hollywood, when he was still married to Joan Crawford and I'd think, what a lucky girl! I still say that any girl who gets Franchot will be a lucky girl. I think it would be very pleasant indeed to be married to Franchot.

“I demand, I very definitely demand, that when I go out with an actor he refrain from talking about himself or his Work, all evening. And if you don't think this is a reasonable demand, it's only because you have never taken up going out with actors as a pastime. Never with Franchot or with Cesar do you hear the actor's favorite line, ‘I've got a big day tomorrow, will you cue me?’ Whereupon they hand you a script and you pass a stimulating evening feeding them lines. If girls could know what some of my ‘gay, night-club evenings’ have really been like—sitting opposite some large, impressive ham, *cuing* him, believe me, girls, ‘will you cue me?’ is about as impassioned as some of them ever get!

“I demand manners in a man—quite *perfect* manners. Something girls demand much too little of, these days. Franchot and Cesar have perfect manners. So have Gene Markey and Cedric Gibbons. They are such perfect gentlemen—an over-worked, dated, slightly corny expression, I know, but it fits these men perfectly, like gloves. I can only say that if more men in this town would take a few pages from their books, there'd be happier girls, more idyllic romances in the old hometown.

“What I mean is: when we go out, any one of these men and I, there is always a corsage and always *the right kind of a corsage*. I don't know how they do it. They seem to be psychic about what color gown I'll wear, what flowers will go best with it. Always flowers at the house, too, such *beautiful* flowers, always a seventh sense about just when they begin to wilt, and more arrive—it's living in a perennial garden, romancing with men such as these. They never say ‘meet me at such-and-such a place for dinner’—not they. They always call for me no matter how informally we're dining, no matter whether they are working and I am not, or the other way around.

“One little thing Franchot does always bowls me over when we're dining out, at Ciro's, at the Brown Derby, or wherever, and I go to the Powder Room, he never lets me go alone, always escorts me, always waits for me, takes me back to our table, pulls out my chair for me, and then sits down himself. If you are in pictures, which means that your face is known, and have ever tried to battle your way through a public place, waylaid at

every other table by too convivial strangers, you have some idea of what this thoughtfulness—believe me, gentlemen, this *rare* thoughtfulness, means.

“I have been out with men, have taken out a cigarette, have pounded it on the back of my hand until it was pulverized before my escort came to and lighted it for me. Not so with Cesar or Franchot, Cedric or Gene—the minute you reach for your case, their lighters are out—they have the rarest quality a man can possess, I think, they not only grant wishes, they *anticipate* them.

“And Romance, speaking of Romance—ah, there's something I *do* demand—there's something else there's too little of in these days of ‘Hi, ya, Toots, how's doings?’ and slaps on the fanny and all the detestable camaraderie *which never should exist between the sexes*. I want Mystery. I want more of the mood and atmosphere Charles Boyer creates when he makes love—on the screen, don't be silly! I want, in fact, I *demand* that men give glamor to me as, presumably, they expect me to give it to them.

“Nothing is more conducive to Romance than a very, very lovely dinner in a man's home, the home of a man who interests you. To sit and talk, in a pool of quiet, uninterrupted and alone, to find out about each other. Romance comes like this—you can go out to night-clubs for months and never really know each other. It is important, besides, to see a man in his own home, see how he lives. The condition of a man's home reflects the man. Gene Markey's house, for example, Cedric Gibbons', Matty Fox's—always in perfect order, flowers, the right things for drinks—pop in unexpectedly and you can always have a perfect dinner, perfectly served.

“Knowledge in a man is *very* important. From Cedric Gibbons, for example, I learned a lot about interior decorating. From Gene Markey I learned a terrific lot about the stage and screen. From Franchot I learned about classical music, opera. I *adore* men I can learn from. And they never make me feel that I don't know, never make me feel stupid or inferior. They make it seem as though we are sharing an experience together. Their teaching is too subtle to be embarrassing. Cedric gave me two Chinese altar figures for my living room. Very clever of him because they suggested, without any word from him, what the tone of the living room should be—there followed, like rhythmic notes, the mandarin red divan, the puce covered chairs and rug, the leopard skin cushions. Gene Markey gives me books of plays to read, books about the theater; he talks to me about the theater and gives me the feeling *we* are talking about it. Franchot took me to my first opera. I knew nothing about operatic music and, frankly, I expected to be bored to a welcome death. But throughout the evening, in his nice, quiet way, Franchot explained it all to me so that I was sharing the experience with him, and loving it. The point is, you get a Point of View from men like these—*savoir faire*—you know what goes on.

“And that's very much what I demand of a man, that *savoir faire*, that civilized point of view, the little things they do that mark them as beautifully civilized human beings. Cedric, for instance—even though I hadn't seen Cedric for a month, come last Easter and this beautiful, enormous plant for me, one for my mother, too—that's the kind of thing. So many men give you a huge orchid *when they see you*, when they're taking you out—but only when and then—it's the difference between using a cheap toilet water that evaporates immediately after using and a fine, French perfume that lingers on.

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"It's the man who never boasts about his conquests. I can't BEAR men who talk to a woman about other women, girls they have been out with, casually crude references to Big Names. No gentleman speaks to a woman of other romances, love affairs, dates or anything similar.

"I demand that men flatter me, yes—but also with *savoir faire*. I demand that they notice my clothes. The men I go out with do both. Franchot will say, 'You look beautiful tonight, dear'—but, that is not all. That is only the beginning. He will then tell me *why* I look beautiful. He'll point out *why* he likes what I'm wearing. 'I like that color combination,' he'll say, or 'I like your hair in that all-round-the-head pompadour, it adds dignity to beauty.' Or Gene will say, 'You know, you have very good taste'—and you sort of purr inside because you know that you are 'right'. They give you a terrific incentive to look your best, men like these, men of the world—because *they* have terrific taste in women's clothes. They can tell, at a glance, whether you have on one more piece of costume jewelry than necessary or in good taste. They all like simplicity.

"Clothes are very important in a man, too. Clothes are as important for a man as for a woman. So that another of my demands is that a man be a well-dressed man. I loathe big, phoney rubies in the

middle of a dress shirt. A red bow with dinner clothes, a red handkerchief—sickening. The man who wears black shoes with a tan suit, abominable. I can't stand men who wear open-neck shirts unless it is for sportswear or for actors going to work.

"I like it when men are good dancers. It helps. (Cesar, of course, is wishful-thinking-come-true, on a dance floor.) But it's not a demand. Dancing is something you can always do with someone else.

"I like a man to be jealous—up to a point. Not the 'who was that you spoke to?' brand. Not the kind that, if you dance with someone three times in an evening, lets you in for night-long explanations. Or, if you are five minutes in the Powder Room, the Bureau of Missing Persons is informed. But I *do* want a man to feel the basic, possessive jealousy which makes a woman know he wants her for himself alone. A man who is not jealous at all is either an egomaniac or—very dull.

"And," Carole said, with a more or less concluding air, "a man who *understands*—understands my work, I mean, that is all-important. That is why my marriage with Willis Hunt broke up. Because there was no understanding. There *can't* be understanding, I fear, between an actress and a non-professional. So that, while I don't demand of a man that he be an actor, if I'm smart and have learned my lesson I will demand that he be somehow in the business.

"Willis couldn't understand *why* I had to be up at five in the morning—'but, darling, I have to be on the set at eight o'clock.' I'd explain, 'before that time, I have to do make-up, hair, be in costume'—over and over and OVER. I'd make that explanation. No dice. No savvy! He couldn't understand why, when I got home

at six or seven, I'd want to go to bed. He would visit me on the set, catch me sitting down between scenes, perhaps, or even lying down in my portable dressing-room. He'd say, 'but I saw you resting for half an hour today, you probably do that several times a day—why should you be tired?' Failing to realize, as Cesar or Gene or Franchot would realize, that while you are 'sitting' you are probably thinking of lines, figuring out what you will do with the next scene, worrying about what you *haven't* done with the last scene.

"He couldn't understand why I had to make a personal appearance tour shortly after our marriage. 'You're NOT going,' he said. I tried to explain that I didn't think it up, that when the studio says we go on a personal appearance we *go* on a P.A. and have not a word to say about it. Ensued weeks of frantic, hectic fruitless argument which could not have taken place had I been married to a man in the profession.

"Then, before our marriage, which was just after the premiere of 'Turnabout,' pictures were snapped of us whenever we appeared together in public. Pictures with my fiance made 'good publicity.' But after our marriage—well, 'just a husband' isn't good publicity, unless the husband has a professional name of his own. It got to be 'do you mind stepping aside, sir, while we photograph Miss Landis with Mr. Mature, Mr. Menjou,' whoever it happened to be, so long as it was an Actor, a Name. Bill found himself being cast in the 'Mr. Carole Landis' rôle—he didn't care for that, naturally enough. But what could he do about it? What could I do about it? What could anybody do about it—except just what we did!

"Another state of affairs which couldn't exist if I were married to a man such as any one of the men I have married—

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states of affairs, all of them, which answer I think, the question of *why* Bill and I are divorcing. So that, for the man's sake, as well as my own, I must demand that a man have a certain amount of standing, name, prestige.

"And that's my man-map," Carole said, with her pale, pink smile, "that's the general outline *with* all points of interest noted. I know, now, what I want in a man. And—I'm watching out for him!"
 And we bet you'll find him.

Solving the Bette Davis—"Little Foxes" Walk-Out Mystery!

Continued from page 24

Of course, knee-deep in all this wonderful mystery I began to purr like a cat in a bed of catnip. I couldn't have been happier. Why did Bette Davis walk out of "The Little Foxes?" Who would she like to murder if she was the kind of dame who went in for murder? That was much more exciting than who put the body in the Colonel's library in Agatha Christie's latest.

I knew that Bette wanted very much to play the evil, scheming *Regina* in Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" because I was with her when she first heard that Goldwyn had bought the play and wanted her to play in the picture. We were at La Quinta, a desert resort near Palm Springs, and Bette was learning French for her part in "All This, and Heaven Too," and I was working on a Garbo mystery. Miss Greta had just given Eddie, a waiter, a twenty-dollar bill, and I was trying to figure out how she could have a reputation of a pinch-penny, and still do nice things like that. But anyway—Bette was as excited as a school girl at her first prom. "*Regina* is a wonderful part," she said. "I've read the play and I think it is one of the great plays of all time, and it certainly should make an amazing picture. Lillian Hellman is extraordinary. I've never known a character to be so consistent as *Regina*. Miss Hellman's heavies are not dyed in the wool villainesses—they have a sense of humor. I admire her enormously. And I can't wait to start on *Regina*. Of course," she added, thoughtfully, "Tallulah Bankhead really should play the part. She created the rôle on the stage, and she should do it on the screen." Yes, I knew that Bette really wanted to sink her pretty little teeth into *Regina*.

Well, Bette returned to the studio, after a three weeks absence, thereby making a liar out of a lot of gossip-mongers. And you can be sure that shortly afterwards I was snooping around playing *Philo Vance* with the wardrobe girls, the hairdressers, the property men, all those people who know so much and tell so little. "I talk, too," said Bette, appearing from behind something done in red plush which the Southerners of 1900 must have thought hot stuff, and taking me completely by surprise, "ask me something." I followed her into her dressing room on the set, and got myself invited to lunch. A decided comedown for Miss Davis, as she had had Somerset Maugham for her luncheon guest the day before. But at least I have seen *all* of Miss Davis' pictures, while Mr. Maugham admitted that he had only seen "The Letter," and that because it was shown to him alone in a private projection room.

Before I start shooting questions at Bette it might be interesting to go into a bit of the background of "The Little Foxes." Sam Goldwyn did all right with "These Three" (starring Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea) which he adapted from Lillian Hellman's successful "The Children's Hour," so when his favorite playwright tossed off another sensationally popular New York play Goldwyn was all for buying it. The fact that it

wasn't just boy meets girl goo, and that its leading characters were quite unattractive people, didn't dismay Mr. Goldwyn in the least. When he bought the play (it was understood that he couldn't make it into a picture until it had had a three year run on Broadway and the road) he started finagling right away for Bette Davis to play the Tallulah Bankhead part. (Why wasn't Tallulah given the part she had created so magnificently on the stage? Because—in Hollywood—pictures have to have a "name.") Now the Warner Brothers own Bette's contract, and they're not at all nice about loaning her out—after all, she's their biggest box office star and why should they go around helping out less fortunate producers who *haven't* got a Bette Davis!

But if the Warner Brothers have a Bette Davis, Sam Goldwyn has a Gary Cooper, and the Warners were very anxious to have Gary play Alvin York in "Sergeant York," and so Goldwyn and the Brothers talked things over. (And thank goodness, as it would have been a crime to have anyone else but Gary play Alvin York—he's that perfect.) Well, anyway, it gives you a rough idea of how things are done in Hollywood.

I always like to see a human being, and Bette Davis is a human being, get the last laugh. I am sure that Bette must have sat down on that red plush on "The Little Foxes" set one day and laughed so loud that she popped a string in *Regina's* old-fashioned corset. It seems that ten years ago when Bette Davis, after a hard struggle, finally landed on Broadway in "Broken Dishes," her first successful play, Goldwyn saw a picture of her in the paper and wired his New York representative to have a test made of her—he needed a leading woman for Ronald Colman in "Raffles." Bette was shoved in front of a camera at the Paramount Astoria studio early one morning and told to act—without any make-up or knowledge of the screen. When the test was run off for Goldwyn in his private projection room in Hollywood he thundered, "Who wasted my time with that one!" Ten years later, which isn't so long to wait for a laugh, Sam Goldwyn paid our Miss Bette \$150,000 to play in one of his pictures—and, incidentally, it is the shortest part that Bette has played on the screen since she got started. A delicious revenge, I'll say.

"You once asked me my most frightening experience," Bette said, diving into a vegetable salad and an egg sandwich. "I'm a little late, but I've got one for you now. You can't imagine how frightened I felt that first day when I walked on the set and met the cast for the first time. It's a New York cast, you know, except for Herbert Marshall and myself, all wonderful, professional actors who have been on Broadway or on tour with the play for the past three years—Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle, Carl Benton Reid, Teresa Wright, Dan Duryea. I felt awkward, and inexperienced, and ill at ease, and I could just hear them saying to themselves, 'How can that twerp play *Regina*? That's Hollywood for you. It's a Bankhead rôle, and needs a

Bankhead.' Well, the funny thing about it was that several weeks later I invited them all out to my house for dinner, and over the cocktails I told them how frightened I had been of them that first day. 'Well, how do you think *we* felt?' said Charles Dingle. 'It was our first picture. We knew nothing about camera angles, lighting; etc. And you a famous star—believe me, we were more frightened of you than you could have been of us!'

Before Bette could prattle on any more about the wonders of stage people I pinned her down to that mysterious three weeks that had caused such a commotion West of the Rockies. No, it wasn't a baby. 'If I were going to have a baby,' said Bette, 'I would be so proud of it I certainly wouldn't deny it.' And Bette wouldn't, I know. She's much too honest and sincere for that. No, it wasn't husband trouble, either. 'One columnist called me after dinner one night,' Bette said, 'and swore that he had definite inside information that my husband had moved all his luggage and walked out of the house that night. I told him that Mr. Farnsworth was in the living room in his bedroom slippers, reading the papers, and showed no signs of walking any place that night.' There were dozens of other calls. 'When they started calling me at three in the morning, then I got mad.' The reason she went to Laguna with her family—Laguna is a seaside resort about two hours from Hollywood—was because her husband had to go to Minneapolis on a business trip.

No, she didn't have a big fight with Sam Goldwyn and walk out of his picture. 'A contract is a contract,' she said with a knowing laugh—'and why should I walk out when I still think *Regina* is a wonderful part?'

No, she didn't have a battle royal with director William Wyler. He has directed two of her pictures, 'Jezebel' and 'The Letter,' and she thinks he's wonderful. There was bickering, she admits. And a little screaming too. But that's nothing new for Bette. She's rabid on the subject of make-up, or rather the lack of make-up, and I'm sure that if she received any criticism from the director regarding her eyelashes, or any part of her make-up, then she let him have it good. A good fight in a picture is like old home week for Bette—but she and the director settle all differences before she goes home that night. She isn't the sulking type.

I checked with the studio, and at no time were Katharine Hepburn or Miriam Hopkins contacted for the rôle of *Regina*. Naturally they did not make any tests. The Goldwyn company was not the least bit upset when Bette took three weeks off because there are dozens of scenes in the picture, especially the romance scenes with Teresa Wright and Richard Carlson, in which Bette doesn't appear. As Tallulah Bankhead told Bette when they met in Cleveland, '*Regina* is actually the shortest part in the play. The difficulty is keeping *Regina* in key in such a short time.' How does Bette like playing the smallest part she's had since George Arliss 'discovered' her for Warner Brothers? She likes it fine. As Mary Astor, James Stephenson (his death was sudden and shocking), Jack Carson, and many others who have played in pictures with Bette will tell you, 'She gives everybody a break. She's no screen hog.'

Okay then, why did Bette Davis stay away from 'The Little Foxes' set for three solid weeks? For the very simple reason that she was sick—she was on the verge of a collapse. She made two pictures at Warners in quick succession, 'The Great Lie' and 'The Bride Came C.O.D.,' the latter being particularly exhausting as it was made on location in the desert and everyone had to be made up and ready to act by four in the morning to get the right light. Then she drove across country to her

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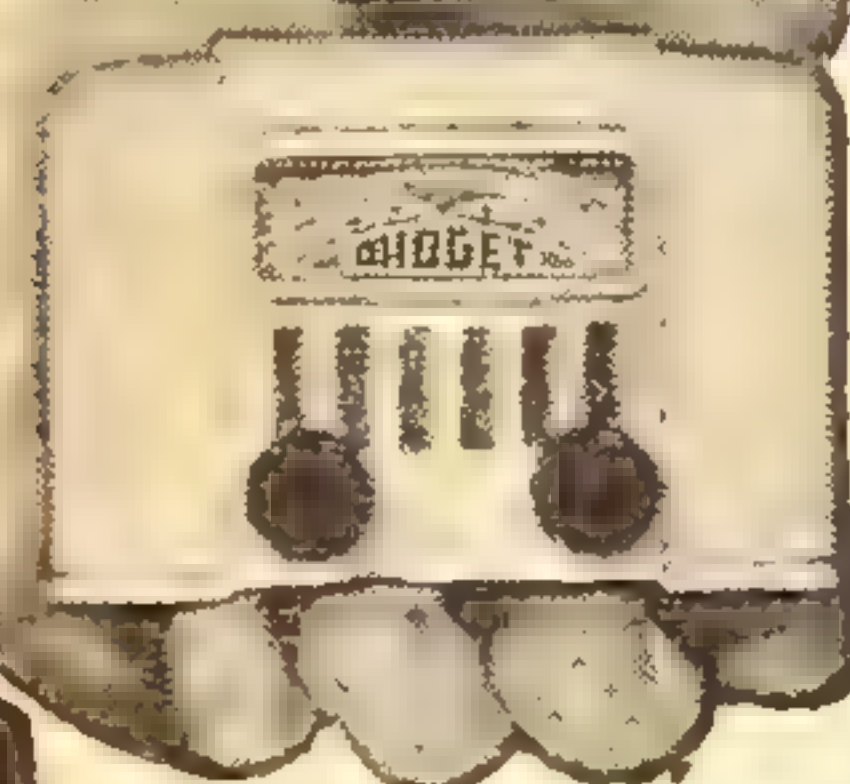
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farm in New England, and was just about to enjoy a rest there with her new husband when Warner Brothers hit upon the brilliant idea of holding the premiere of "The Great Lie" in a near-by town and bringing up carloads of the Eastern Press to help her celebrate her birthday. What with the premiere and the birthday celebrations Bette was nearly a wreck. Then she got a phone call from Willie Wyler telling her to see the road company of "The Little Foxes"—so she drove from New England to Cleveland, where she saw the play and met Tallulah Bankhead backstage. "I hope you'll be more successful than I am," said Tallulah, "two nights ago I was waiting for a cab when I heard a very enlightening conversation. 'Who is this Lula Blackhead?' one man at the paper stand asked another. 'She's the new strip tease dancer,' said the

guy, 'she does it with silver foxes.'"

So Bette was just plumb tuckered out before she went into production. And of course the picture had to get off to a good blazing start with the most unseasonable weather Hollywood has ever had. Stage 8 at the Goldwyn studio was a furnace. When they poured Bette into an old-fashioned bone corset, a corset cover, a bustle, and all the other horrible things that chic women of the 1900's wore, poor Bette nearly fainted dead away. "Fun's fun," said Bette, "but I've got to have some air before *Regina* throws me."

Well, now that that mystery is solved, I can go back to my detective stories. I know who put that body in the Colonel's library, Agatha Christie, you can't fool me. If the police are in need of an astute detective, I'm ready and willing to serve.



Actor folks like Robert Preston and Nancy Kelly get all fagged out after a terrific emotional bout, so they stop to refuel their emoting equipment with a lung, cool drink. It sure hits the spot! They're in "Parachute Battalion."

Hollywood Makes the Army Laugh

Continued from page 27

right—so I go to bed when I get home."

And so, we who know the Hollywood stars weren't the least bit surprised when they suddenly took over the entertainment of the soldiers in the various army camps in California. I can't think of any people who crave, or need, entertainment more than the thousands of homesick boys who are now in training in Uncle Sam's army. The U.S.O., under the capable leadership of New York's District Attorney Dewey, is now engaged in brightening up things for the boys, but the movie stars were even ahead of Dewey in realizing that something must be done to help keep up the morale of the draftees—and there's nothing better for perking up the morale than a good shot of entertainment.

Every week-end a bunch of stars climb into buses or cars and drive to an army

camp where sometime during the night or afternoon they put on a show. But so far there has been only one "glamor junket" which took place a few week-ends back, and which was such a great success with the boys that there's bound to be more. The "glamor junket" to Camp Hunter Leggett and Fort Ord was arranged by popular agent Charlie Feldman, and on it were Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Virginia O'Brien, Carole Landis, Georgie Jessel, Ray Bolger, Rochester, the Nicholas Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, the Warner Brothers Sextette, and Young's band. Quite an array of talent. I'll say. The "troupe" got on the train at the Glendale station, and at a disgustingly early hour, and immediately made a mad

dash for coffee in the dining car—thereby throwing a gang of Girl Scouts on their way to summer camp right smack into seventh heaven. They arrived at San Luis Obispo at one o'clock where they were met by officers from Camp Hunter Leggett who ushered them into cars and buses and drove with them for three hours over dusty mountain roads to the camp where 30,000 boys were waiting for them. They arrived at four, put on their three-hour show, and left at seven for Del Monte. From breakfast on the train they had no food until ten-thirty that night at Del Monte. They left Del Monte the next morning and rode in jeeps (little bouncing army trucks that hold four men) to Fort Ord where they had lunch, and put on their show again. They caught the train at eight in Del Monte that night, sat up most of the night playing gin rummy, and arrived in Glendale at seven-thirty the next morning. (Jean Gabin was down at the train to meet Marlene—at seven-thirty in the morning!—that *must* be love.)

I had a luncheon date with Claudette Colbert that day and thought to myself, "I might as well expect it to be broken. After that exhausting trip Claudette will be a wreck." I'm sure I would have been. But Claudette disappointed me—she was chic as always, and as refreshing as a summer breeze. I gathered she had thoroughly enjoyed herself, and been very popular with Uncle Sam's boys. Among the things she told me were, "The boys had fixed up a wooden stage at Camp Hunter Leggett, they had even dug out an orchestra pit, and when we arrived they were sitting all along the side of the mountain waiting for us. Thirty thousand of them! It was really a wonderful sight. And I don't know when we've received such an ovation. Thirty thousand soldiers cheering at once—it was thrilling. They had three tents set up as our dressing rooms, and it was exactly like being in a circus. We were late, so we hastily jumped out of the cars with a bag under one arm and a make-up case under the other, and as there weren't enough dressing tables we used our knees.

"The boys applauded vigorously after every act, but it was really Virginia O'Brien who stopped the show. What did I do? I did a very funny sketch with Jack Benny where I tell him that he can never be a leading man because he has no sex appeal, that he's no Clark Gable. Well, at the end of the sketch he pretends that he is Gable and kisses me, and I have to have six soldiers carry me off. Jack says, 'No sex appeal, eh?' and is looking very pleased with himself when Mary suddenly appears and says, as she watches me being carried off, 'Funny that never happened to me.'

"We spent that night at Del Monte and bright and early Sunday morning we were told that the army was waiting to escort us to Fort Ord. Because of the dusty roads and the long ride I didn't feel that I had given my best to Camp Hunter Leggett so I thought I would make myself as attractive as possible for Fort Ord. I wore my large black hat with the veil. And imagine my surprise, or rather my horror, when I discovered that we were to drive the ten miles to Fort Ord in jeeps—and there's nothing quite so bouncy and breezy as a jeep. Believe me, hanging on to a picture hat with a veil in a jeep is quite an achievement. After ten miles of it I wasn't as attractive as when I left.

"At Fort Ord I was assigned to Company K for luncheon, and a delicious luncheon it was: turkey and mashed potatoes, and cranberry sauce, and carrots and ice cream and coffee. The ride in the jeep had given me quite an appetite, but before I could eat I had to be photographed. There are two hundred men to a mess and everyone of them must have brought along his

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brownie. After I thought I had been photographed from every angle imaginable one of the boys asked, 'May I stand next to you, Miss Colbert, and have my friend here take a picture of us so I can send it home to my mother?' Well, it started all over again. Everybody wanted a picture to send home—the high spot of the luncheon being when the top sergeant asked if he could be photographed with me."

The next day I saw Carole Landis, and she too was raving about the fun they had on the "glamor junket." Carole, by the way, is getting to be the sweetheart of the army. Besides Camp Hunter Leggett and Fort Ord she has visited Camp Haan and Camp Callan at Riverside and San Diego respectively. They call her the "Blonde Bomber" down there. "I love visiting camps," said Carole. "I guess I'll just have to marry Bob Hope and make a life's work of it."

In the show at Camp Hunter Leggett Carole sang "You Started Something," "Is That Good?", and "The Kindergarten Conga"—all songs from her picture, "Moon Over Miami." And you can be sure the boys were very appreciative—and they should murder their sergeant for becoming the local Hays Office. "I was sort of nervous," said Carole, "and while I was waiting to go on I was humming 'The Kindergarten Conga' and swaying to the rhythm of it. 'Don't do that around here, Miss,' a sergeant said to me, 'these boys have been here for an awfully long time.'"

At Fort Ord Carole was snatched up by the boys of Company G. She had met a lot of them when they presented "The Wizard of Ord" at the Hollywood Bowl in Hollywood a few weeks before, and they had her all dated to be their luncheon guest. After the show Carole was met by four lieutenants (that girl does all right) who took her by the sergeant's office, where with fitting ceremony she was presented with a Saint Bernard puppy, named "Jeeps," a present from Company G. "I have four dogs," said Carole, "but Jeeps is the cutest of them all. When he saw himself for the first time in a mirror at the hotel in Del Monte he nearly had a fit—when he couldn't bite his image in the mirror he started biting the woodwork around the mirror. Everybody piled into my room to watch him, he was so cute." (I bet the hotel manager didn't think him so cute!)

"Virginia O'Brien and I had dinner that night with the four young lieutenants. I think," she added casually, "they're coming down to Hollywood soon." That wouldn't surprise me in the least, Miss Landis.

Several days later I received a letter from Michael Pearman, stationed at Camp Hunter Leggett, telling how delighted the boys were with the Hollywood "glamor junket." It's the "other side" and you'll be interested. Michael Pearman was formerly an agent associated with the Feldman-Blum agency in Hollywood but he was drafted last April and has been a private in Company F at Camp Hunter Leggett since.

Dear Liza:

Here I sit under a dusty shade tree, out of the way of that sergeant's whistle—at least where I can pretend I don't hear that whistle and put pencil to paper so I can tell you what a terrific treat we had last Saturday. Imagine, Liza, how delighted I was to overhear the Major tell a second Louie that a guy called Feldman was putting on a show for us and as we were carrying huge planks of lumber about at the time—it eventually grew into the stage—I nearly dropped the whole tree trunk into him in my excitement.

Well, the troupe was to arrive at three o'clock on Saturday—after a long auto-

mobile ride from the station at San Luis Obispo because the Southern Pacific wouldn't stop five minutes for them to get off in near-by King City—so of course I was there waiting at the gate around noon time with my shoes polished and wearing the cleaner of my two shirts. And soon in swings Buster Collier (you know William Collier, Jr., don't you?) with his pretty wife, all a-bustle to see everything is set for the stars. By this time there were about 30,000 boys sitting in the 100° sun on the slope in front of the stage, and when finally the convoy of star-packed cars rushed in at 75 miles per hour, with its motorcycle escort, the whole mob of uniforms stood up in one spontaneous movement and hit off such cheers that even the reception-blase Hollywood folk admitted outdid anything they had ever received before in all their lives.

It wouldn't be possible to tell you what were the high spots in the show because believe me the whole thing was absolute tops—from the opening of the 12 piece orchestra with Jack Benny as M.C. to the crazy finale of the Ritz Brothers—why, even an old tired opening night and glamor party girl like you would have been bouncing up and down with sheer delight. After the Nicholas Brothers had repeated that song and dance they did in "Down Argentine Way," Dick Powell came on and put over the "Hut Sut" in such a way that 25,000 bodies started to sway in unison. It's exciting to watch the way Dick can win over a crowd of fellows so quickly. I think, though, it's because they can sense even way in the back row that he's such a swell guy and gets such a kick singing for them.

You probably know that every one out of two draftees has a camera and the noise of clicking that went on as Carole Landis stepped on stage almost drowned the 12 piece band, although of course I do have to admit that some of the noise was the breath being taken away from several thousand soldiers! Carole really had a lot of fun and not only was she made an honorary sergeant but by the end of the day she was covered with so many chevrons and insignias given her by the military jaws that Georgie Jessel had to advise the General to tie down the howitzers before the boys gave her those too!

Gracie Allen has won herself a real affection in the army—she writes us letters which are pinned up on the notice board and bring us a laugh while waiting in chow line six o'clock on a cold morning and she and Burns were in hysterically good form. I guess brother Willie must have helped her with some of those military terms she used. "Poor boy, I guess he's in the guard-house now!"

Joan Blondell came on in a form-fitting green dress and I'm telling you that smile and personality (and form) surged out into the soldier mob and if it hadn't been for a line of husky M'P's and Dick Powell, I'm awfully afraid there might have been a repeat of the King City stampede.

Most of the boys didn't know who Virginia O'Brien was and when she came out she just got the amount of applause any attractive girl would get until—and it was only about a 30th of a second until she broke into that dead pan swing and really knocked the boys for a loop. They just wouldn't let her go and made her do number after number with each song topping the previous one. Later on I rode with her in a Blitz Buggy and oh, how I wish my year were up and I could be back in Hollywood to see more of Miss O'Brien because there's one really swell girl!

The night before a lot of the Camp had seen "Arise My Love" and when Colbert came out to do her sketch with Benny, the boys were extra excited. I don't think

they had realized before what a "fun" person she was—and although I hate the word radiant, radiant was the word for Claudette Colbert. She and Benny embraced in a long kiss while he tried to make her think he was Gable and it ended by having six M P's come on stage and carry La Colbert off as the audience screamed itself silly. And what patience she has too! She must have stood up for hours while hundreds of amateur photographers told her to do this—look that way—take off her hat—and smile while busy at the same time signing her name onto endless streams of pushing autograph books.

As one of the boys said to me, "when I write home and tell them I not only saw Dietrich in person but that she actually said 'hello' to me, the family are going to get scared that I've lost my mind doing my year's training." Dietrich is the real glamor movie star to most of the boys and she lived up to it in a bright yellow suit and that face that launched a thousand ecstatic sighs. She sang three numbers and could still be going on now as far as I'm concerned—seeing her up there shining on the stage made you forget all the dust and heat and the sweated labor of putting up the stage—made you forget everything except La Dietrich!

I could go on for years, Liza, but there's that whistle blowing furiously and I'm late already and so if you don't hear from me next week you'll know I'm either in the guardhouse or doing K.P. peeling potatoes maybe, but happy being able to think back on that swell afternoon's entertainment—feeling like the rest of the boys, grateful that they came to give us a show and the show they gave us was the best we've ever seen.

Say hello to the old bunch for me, please, and love to you from

Michael.

How To Be

A "Draft Sweetheart"

Continued from page 23

on the latest technique of handling a draft sweetheart. Olivia de Havilland, Ann Rutherford, Peggy Moran and Carol Bruce are in the same boat you're in and they all admitted, immediately, that the most important thing for you to do is to write—and keep on writing.

"Let him know he's being missed," says Olivia de Havilland. "That's reversing the procedure we used in the pre-army days. We would never admit before to any particular boy that we thought of him all last week and missed him so. But now things are different. The draftee is lonesome and homesick up there at camp. There isn't much he can do to kick up some fun. There are no parties, no dates, no drives to the beaches, none of the carefree good times he used to have. From what the boys I know tell me, when work is over for the day they have nothing to do but mope and feel pretty sorry for themselves. They walk, write letters, play checkers, or if they're lucky enough to be near a town, they see a movie that's months old. It's easy for them to picture the friends they left behind running around and having a gay old time while they're slaving in the army.

"My friends in the camps tell me they look forward to letters more than they do to a hundred-dollar check. So write—write often, and make your letters chatty as an old maid at a tea party. Your letters

will be your most continuous link with him for the next twelve months, so you'll have to pack a lot of oomph and interest into them. The very loneliness of his situation will make him prize every letter, and if you keep on writing and know what to write, he'll soon be thinking you're the cream among dream girls.

"If you know his family, keep in touch with them and give him news about them. He'll appreciate that, for even though they're writing to him, he likes to know from someone outside that all's well at home.

"Don't stand on the old conventions, like waiting to hear from him first before you'll write. In times like these, silly rules go out the window. He may be laid up with an injured hand. After all, he's working in camp, doing hard physical labor, not crocheting doilies. Write him continually. In fact, it seems to me that rather than write one very long letter which may become tiresome, write him several breezy ones. If you hear a funny story, sit down and dash it off to him. If you heard some interesting news, put it in the mail immediately while it's still fresh in your mind. It will be fresher in the telling that way, too. Can you imagine the kick he'd get out of receiving several letters from you in one day? The pride he'd have in showing off to the other fellows—the enjoyment he will have reading your spark-

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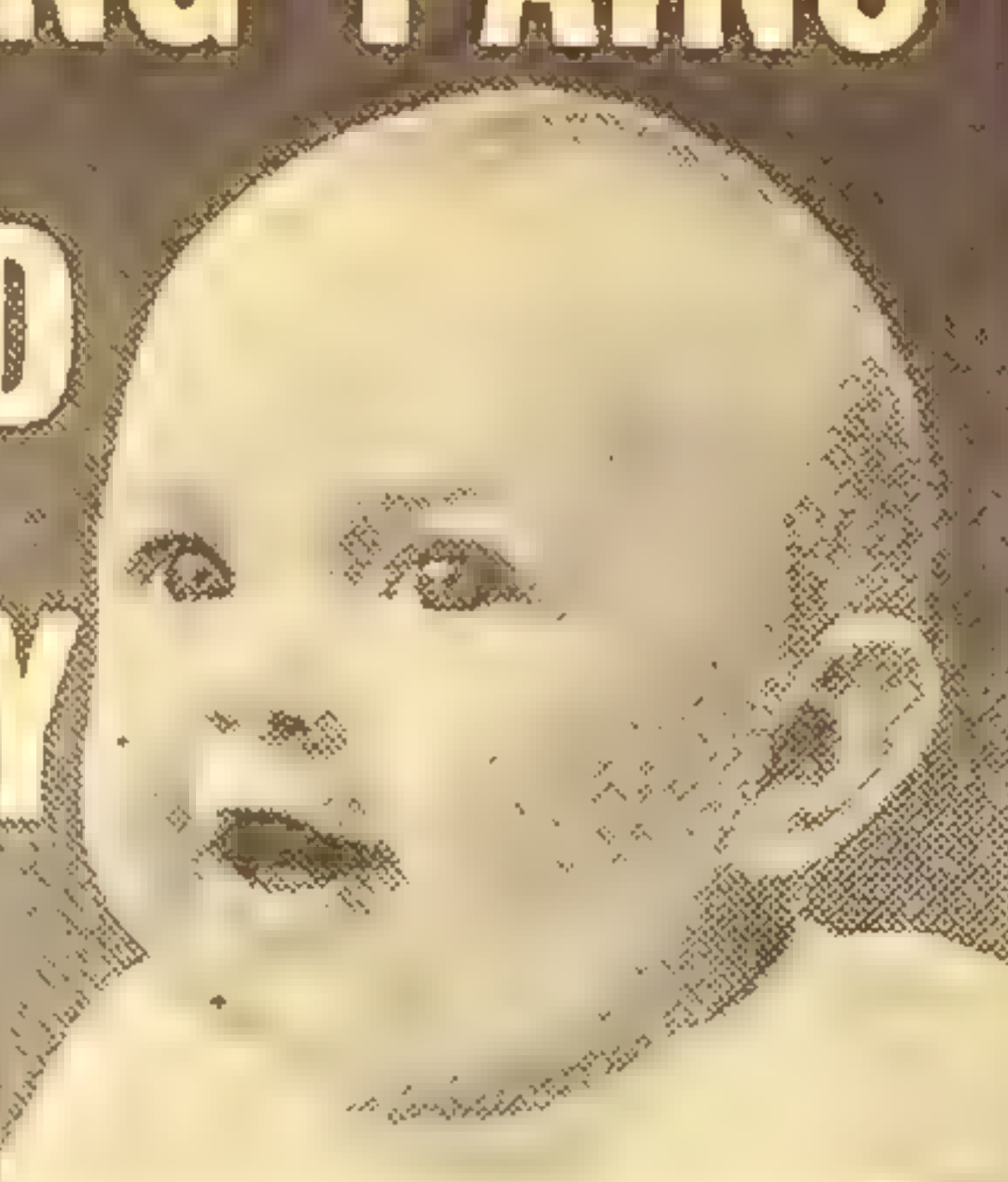
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ling letters after a long hard day in the heat and dust? It's such a genuine way of showing him that you're thinking of him all the time, and it shows so much thoughtfulness it won't escape him. He'll have you tabbed as something pretty wonderful in no time at all!"

Ann Rutherford is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood's "younger set" and she saw four of her most attentive stagliners go off into the army—Lyle Moriane, Bob Morse, Bob Raymond and Chuck Isaacs. So listen to what the little lady has to say: "Don't think you're losing him just because he's off somewhere marching his feet off or peeling potatoes. You've a better chance with him now, in many respects. First of all, you have little or no competition. Most of the camps are pitched somewhere far from a big city, and you don't have to worry about that stunning New Girl in the crowd snatching him away from you. Which makes it tough on him, but easy for you. So this is the best time to get him very much conscious of you."

Like Olivia, Ann thinks you should write often and she suggests you send snapshots—not only of yourself because that's quite conceited and obvious, but of all his friends and of the places that are so familiar to him. But Ann has an even more novel idea, an elaboration of letter writing. "Why not send him *talking* letters? Phonograph recordings of yourself? Can you imagine the bang he'd get out of that, how he'll play those records over and over and over again? It will make him think back, wistfully I hope, of the good times you had together. Ring his friends in on this, too, so that he won't feel as far away from things as he ordinarily would.

"You're saying what good is a phonograph record without a phonograph? Ah, that brings me to my pet suggestion: before he goes away, why don't you throw a 'going-away' shower for him? He'll love it! I know, because I have given several for the boys I know who have been called. Every man likes to be made a fuss over, but under ordinary circumstances we hold off, otherwise he might be spoiled. But it's all right to spoil these boys who are going off. In fact, it's a downright pleasure! Look what they're giving up. At one of these showers, instead of giving small individual gifts, you can all chip in to buy him the phonograph and perhaps a recording machine as well, if funds will allow, so that he can make records of his own and send them to all of you. I'd think twice before getting him a radio, as my friends tell me almost every boy has one.

"Getting back to the showers—make them gay and silly. Fix up the room to resemble a mess hall, serve pork and baked beans in a tin plate and so on. There will be the usual quota of gag gifts, but it's a considerate thing to give him a gift he can use. If you are not planning to give him one gift *en masse*, you might tip off some of the folks as to what are practical gifts and what are not. He may as well have something he can use: stamps or a little pocket compass, a fountain pen which buttons inside the pocket, khaki-color sweaters and mufflers. You can give him a gift which shows much thought and which will remind him of you all the time if you get him a khaki-bound diary in which you have marked the birthdays and anniversaries he should remember. Away from home, he's liable to forget his mother's birthday or his kid sister's graduation. You might warn the others that it would be unnecessary to give him writing paper, since the morale officer supplies all the stationery, and—as one of my enlisted friends told me—electric razors

aren't much good when you're on maneuvers where electric current isn't available.

"This is your time to be as feminine as a Louisa May Alcott heroine! It would probably never go over any other time, but *this* time send him fudge and cookies that you've made with your own little hands. Oh, how he'll show off when he passes them around and brags, 'My girl friend made these!' I always send boxes of cookies and fudge I've made to my friends and I couldn't send them a more valued gift if I had struck the Pot o' Gold! If you don't shine in the kitchen, send him sweets anyway—a box filled with candies, figs, dates, jellies and cookies. He gets plain food in the army and develops a huge sweet tooth. He passes it around to the other boys and it gets him talking about you. Before he's aware of it, you seem like a pretty sweet thing yourself and he's getting very lonesome for you. He begins to think he can't possibly live without you. That's the romantic edge a girl 'caught in the draft' has, so don't think all is lost because he's marching somewhere miles away from you."

Peggy Moran, pert-faced Universal starlet, takes us beyond the correspondence stage to the social entertainment of your army beau. Peggy says that a girl who is caught in the draft should throw out most of her old standard rules and adopt a new, more flexible set to meet the present emergency. "After all," explains Peggy, "the whole relationship of boy-dates-girl is topsy-turvy now, and if you don't meet the change you'll find yourself minus a very nice suntanned man in khaki.

"Bob, my friend, is a private and gets \$21 a month. Out of that he pays for his laundry, Red Cross, canteen expenses and so on. That leaves him with just about enough to get a shoe-shine and not much more! Before Bob went to the army he used to phone me in advance, take me to dinner, send me flowers sometimes, and treat me the way a girl likes to be treated. Now it's all different—but that doesn't spoil our good times. In fact, we have more fun now because our dates are more informal, sillier. I wouldn't think of letting Bob spend much money when he comes home, because it would mean digging into what he's managed to save before, and that isn't fair. He needs that when he re-enters civilian life.

"The parents of one girl I know invite their daughter and her army friend to have dinner with them, to a show and later to a night club. It doesn't humiliate a fellow to see a much older man foot the bills, and of course, he should realize it's not his fault that he's shy of funds. But that plan isn't workable for every girl—myself included—so I plan dinners at the house when I expect Bob in town. It may be a buffet dinner cafeteria style, or more formal, but you can bet that I go to a lot of trouble to be sure his favorite dish is there—and plenty of it! You eat what is handed you in the army, and no preferences asked. No shrimp *a la* newburg or hamburger *a la* moscovite or *a la* anything when you're in the mess hall, but Bob knows he'll get what he likes when he gets off that train and comes to my house. If you want your boy friend to make a bee-line to your house, girls, why don't you follow suit?

"He'll probably want to see some of the town's night life, too, and if any places have opened, take him there. In that case, if you're going out with a crowd, get the other boys aside and suggest that they chip in and take care of his share of the bill. I think, too, that if a girl can carry that sort of thing off gaily and charmingly, she can treat the fellow to an evening. I can't do it, so I don't. I compromise by suggesting a drive-in or by throwing parties.

There is no reason for him to be ashamed of his lack of funds, and if you have the right sort of personality and can get away with it, I'd risk footing the treat. It's a good idea to make arrangements in advance at a restaurant or club so that no bill will be presented and you can take care of it later.

"When you plan a week-end of entertainment for him, put some elasticity into it, so that if he's tired and wants to duck a big party he can do so—although I have yet to meet a draftee who didn't want to raise the roof when he's home on furlough! Let the evening be his and ask him what he wants to do. One girl I know wanted to see a certain movie and insisted that her draftee beau take her. Well, it happens that this boy's camp was near a small town that had a movie house, and his greatest recreation during the week was taking in a picture show. When he was home, there were other things he wanted to do. The girl pouted and had her way. They went to the movies, but he didn't date her the next time.

"He's lonesome up there in camp, lonesome for someone who will listen to his trials and triumphs, lonesome for someone he can brag to (remember how you used to listen wide-eyed to his exploits before he went away?) so if he starts talking about himself, make every word sound as though you're perishing to hear it. Show him extra consideration. If he phones you at the last minute when he comes to town, break your other date and see him. That's only fair and the other fellow—if he's the right sort—will understand. After all, he can always see you Monday! I've done that several times and I ordinarily think it's a crime punishable by hanging to break one date for another.

"But don't let it become a habit. If he continually phones you at the last minute,

then he's taking advantage of the situation. Be busy! A draftee usually knows in advance if he's coming to town and he can write to ask you to hold the week-end open for him. But sometimes it's hard for him to plan ahead. His family may tie him down, he may not know until the last minute if it's worth the time and money to come in. He may get a lift at the last minute. You must consider all these things when you're wondering whether you should break a date with the other boy to see him. But when you do, let your soldier boy know of the other broken appointment. It's still a good idea to let him know you're popular—but that you think enough of him to give him preferred rating in your engagement book!"

Carol Bruce doesn't confine herself to only one phase of being a draft sweetheart, but plunges right in with the various, oddly-assorted things she's learned from having a few boy friends in khaki herself. "I've found," Carol says, "that they love to be met at the train when they're on leave, but they hate to be seen off. So make your goodbyes short and sweet and with as few tears as possible. But do be sure to meet him! No matter how busy you are, when that boy is coming in, you be right at the station with a brass-band personality! Wave a silly banner, like 'Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning' or some such thing. Be bright and giggly and in an 'every-day-is-Christmas' mood. He's home on a holiday and he doesn't want to be greeted by a girl who seems to have the woes of the world on her shoulders. You're glad to see him again, and let him know it.

"Look as pretty as you can and above all, look *feminine*. I can't possibly understand what prompts some girls to wear clothes that have an austere, military look, like suits with brass buttons and braid,

khaki-color soldier caps and the like. Good heavens, he gets enough of that in the camp, he's tired of the military and the masculine. Be an escape for him.

"Make yourself available if he wants to see you. Don't let him think you've been spending all your evenings with a good book, but flatter him by showing him you forget everything else when he's in town. He rates that. This is no time to try to make him jealous. It's not cricket.

"When he's home, act as though everything he wants to do is just fine with you. If he wants to go to a movie, why that's just what you had your heart set on doing. If he wants to go dancing, you've been simply dying to dance tonight.

"Always think of him and how you can make things pleasanter for him. That way, you'll find yourself doing things that might not occur to you otherwise. For instance, I put myself in the place of one of my enlisted friends stationed almost 500 miles from here. He had been spending many of his furloughs at camp because the trip was too long and expensive to make every week-end. So I rustled together a few of his friends and we are all going to visit him. Another girl I know plans to spend her vacation in the town near her boy friend's camp. Remember the things he liked to do and let that guide you. If he's a jitterbug fiend, send him the latest Krupa record. If he's a lover of the classics, send him some symphony recordings. If he likes cross-word puzzles, clip out some good ones and send them on. It's the little things, the thoughtful things that make you a draft sweetheart worth holding your man."

So there you have it, girls! Four glamor girls "caught in the draft" tell all you other girls "caught in the draft" how to get him to put you in orange blossoms and veil when he packs his uniform away.

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You'll run, not walk to the nearest box office when we tell you Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, red-headed Greer Garson and Herbert Marshall are together in "When Ladies Meet."



Gosh, Frances Farmer and Robert Stack look as though they mean business in this scene from "Badlands of Dakota." Now we know what's meant by an "itching trigger finger."



Hollywood couldn't go to Wales, so Wales came to Hollywood. 20th Century-Fox built this faithful reproduction of a Welsh mining town for "How Green Was My Valley."



Even unmentionables are now photographed and mentioned in these modern times. And laughed at. Martha Scott, Fredric March and a corset, in "One Foot in Heaven."

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 56

THE on-again-off-again Garbo hair clipping is now definitely accomplished. The Sphinx changed her mind back and forth until she got a load of Connie Bennett's short locks. Garbo ran her hand through them and asked Connie all about it. That same evening she had it done before leaving the studio. Connie, by the way, whose head always looked too big for her body, has never looked nicer.

A SMARTY pants publicity man almost got Jimmy Stewart into a mess of trouble. When it was printed that he had given his plane to Olivia De Havilland to use, Jimmy's business manager frantically got Livvy on the phone. Great was his relief when he learned the story was a phoney. Jimmy's insurance company was just on the point of cancelling his policy covering the plane.

ABBOTT and Costello would just as soon give the great golden west back to the Indians. For a scene in "Ride 'Em Cowboy," they had to use a bull. The only way they could get it to emote was to have its buddy standing close by on the set, out of camera range. Ella Fitzgerald, the sepia singer, is making her movie debut in this one. And Ella is scared silly of bulls. For a gag, Nick Foran took the stuffed head of a bull and popped out at Ella as she rounded a corner. She passed out cold from the picture.

LUPE VELEZ, she ees mad like anything. And when the Loop she ees mad, she gonna make trouble. During the main event at the Hollywood stadium, the fighter she wanted to lose just wouldn't stay knocked out. Finally, when he went down again, the magnificent Mex leaned over, grabbed his legs and held him down until the count of ten. Now she's barred from the ringside seat she's held for the last six years. La Loop swears she will nevair go near the blankety-blank place again. Well—maybe! Lupe ees mad but not THAT mad.

UNLESS you see her yourself, it's hard to believe there's still one in existence. But any day in the Universal commissary, Maria Montez wearing seductive gowns and carrying a long cigarette holder, visits from table to table. In the good ol' days the silent picture stars used to effect this kind of hooey. Maria, by the way, modestly admits that she just oozes sex and wants to be known as the "Um-m-m" girl!!

AVIATORS please note! Dona Drake, who lives on top of a hill, goes in for daily rade sun baths. Keep your good eye peeled on this Latin lovely. Formerly the orchestra leader named Rita Rio, she is now being groomed by Paramount. Her test for the Carol Bruce rôle in "Louisiana Purchase" was so good, it got her the part in the picture.

THERE'S a good reason why a certain Hollywood beauty parlor did the best business in town. Orson Welles was a daily customer. While a strong-armed masseuse pounded off forty pounds, Orson in a loud voice dictated weighty answers to a private secretary.

WHY was Jane Wyman late on the set the other day? Because Errol Flynn was late ahead of her. And Errol uses Janie's hairdresser to give him a long swirling hairdo for his rôle of General Custer in "They Died With Their Boots On." Very becoming, too!

As new

AS THIS ISSUE OF SCREENLAND



All-purpose All-in-One
to wear for daytime,
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Style No. 4918—\$7⁵⁰

It's a complete corset wardrobe in one garment that will look well on your figure and figure well on your budget. Vertical stretch rayon satin panels front and back cross-pull with side sections in two-way stretch leno power net to say the last word in fit, comfort and control. Rayon satin and lace up-lift bra, detachable rayon jersey crotch, detachable garters. Nude or white,

sizes 32-38, body length 15 inches from waist. There are other Beverly Vogue foundation garments, with accent on youth, made with "Lastex" yarn, from garter belts at \$1 to girdles, pantie-girdles and all-in-ones up to \$10. See them at leading stores, or write to Beverly Vogue Co., 127 E. 9th St., Los Angeles, Calif., for style booklet and name of nearby store.

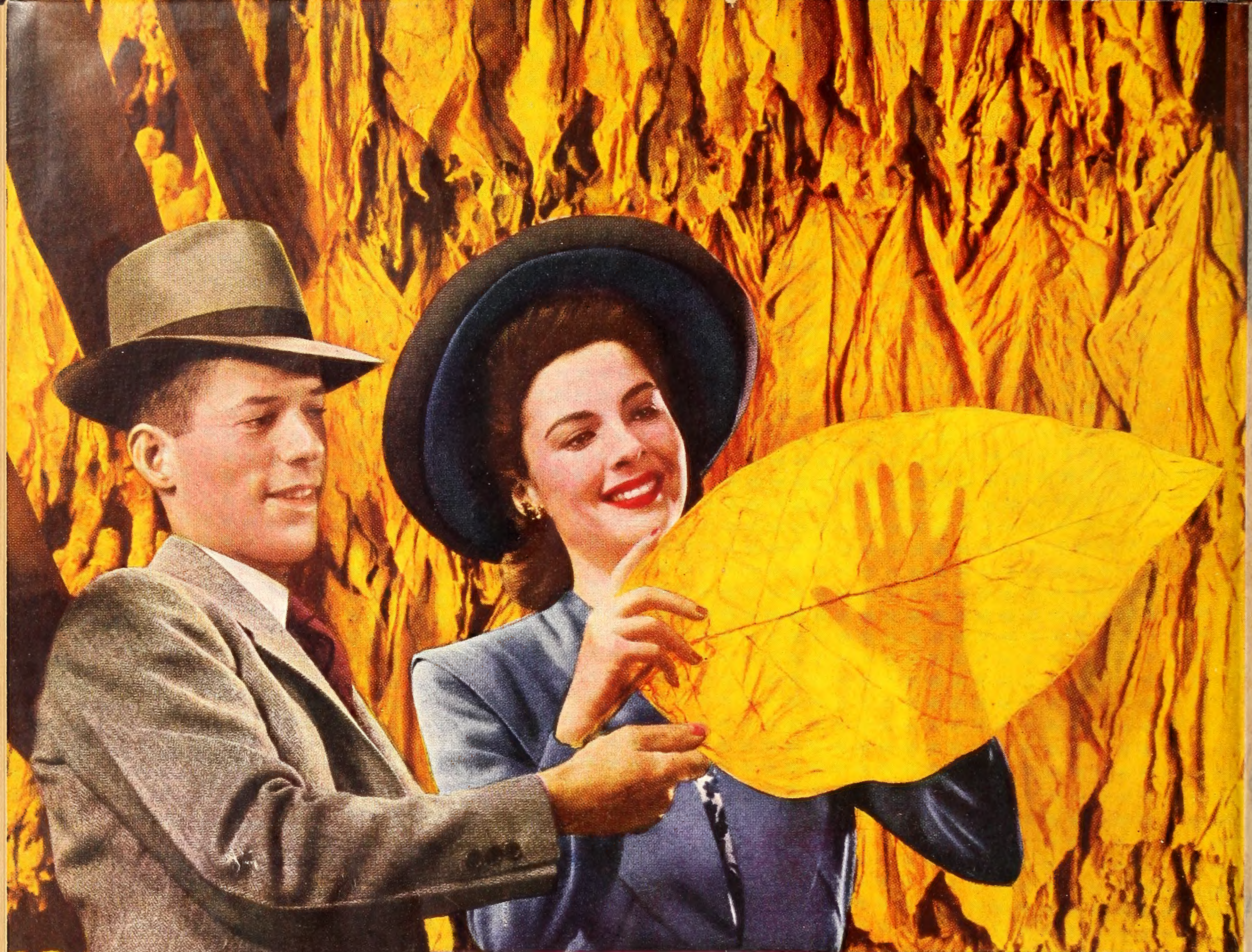


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• Actual color photograph—F. H. Lewis looks over some fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Want this in your cigarette?"

"Then smoke Luckies!" says F. H. Lewis, independent tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C., "because Luckies pay the price to get milder, better-tastin' leaf like this."

BELIEVE me — fine, mild, light tobacco like this costs real money. But that's the kind Luckies go after...and pay the price to get.

"I've seen 'em do it at one market after the other, all through the Tobacco Country...so you can bet your boots I smoke Luckies!"

Smokers, that's a pretty good cue—from a man who knows what he's talking about—a man who has spent his life buying, selling

and handling tobacco.

Of course you want milder, better-tasting tobaccos in your cigarette—the kind that bring higher prices at the auctions. Next time you step up to a cigarette counter, why not be sure you *get* these finer tobaccos? Ask for Lucky Strike.

Remember: independent tobacco experts — buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen — smoke Luckies by an overwhelming majority...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

